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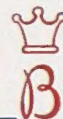
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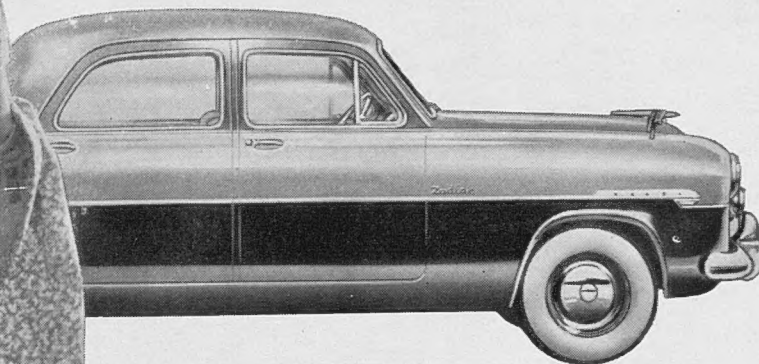




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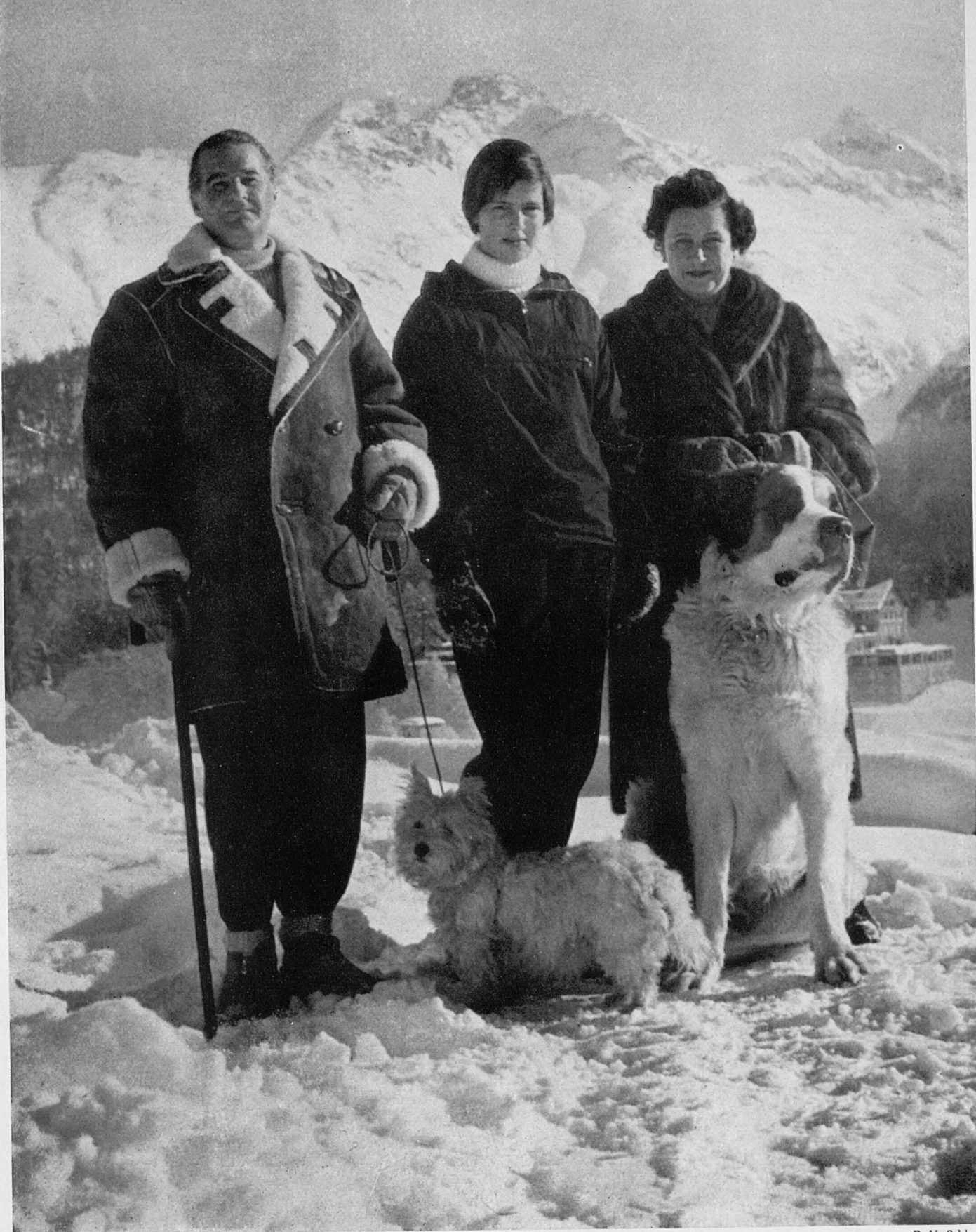
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## On a Trinidad lawn

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, who is walking with the Governor, Maj.-Gen. Sir Hubert Rance, at the garden party given in her honour, had a reception at Port of Spain which was not only loyal and enthusiastic, but colourful and picturesque. In the floodlit gardens of Government House, Calypso kings serenaded the Princess and hundreds of West Indians in costume danced before her to their stirring music





R. H. Schloss

## Along the snowy paths of the Engadine

LORD AND LADY TREDEGAR, who were married in December, are seen out for a walk at St. Moritz with Lady Tredegar's daughter by her former marriage, Miss Bridget Russell, and their two dogs, the West Highland Shenagh Maude, and Barry, a St. Bernard. The Tredegars' home is in the South of France at Beaulieu. Lord Tredegar, who is the sixth baron, succeeded his father last year

*The dogs are taken  
for a morning walk*



## THE MISSES KNIGHT, AND PLAYMATE

HENRIETTA and Celia Knight are the daughters of Major H. G. B. Knight, M.C., Coldstream Guards (retd.), and of Mrs. Knight, of Lockinge Manor, nr. Wantage, Berkshire. Their mother is the second daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Loyd, of Lockinge, and a sister of Countess Clanwilliam. Their father comes from an old Leicestershire family. Henrietta was eight in December and Celia five



Godfrey Cake

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## THE SKIERS OF ST. ANTON

AUSTRIA: One evening I was in a London cinema waiting for the curtain to rise for the world première of a British film, and the following evening at the same hour I was sitting down to dinner at the Post Hotel, St. Anton, where we had been received by the very efficient manager, Mr. Rind. Austria as a winter sports centre has always sounded so much farther than Switzerland, but nowadays with air travel it takes no longer to get there.

I flew to Zürich in one of the big Swissair DC-6B planes, as used on their transatlantic route. Taking off from London Airport at 10.30 a.m. we had a steady flight at 13,000 feet and touched down punctually, in spite of fog around Zürich Airport. This gave ample time to catch the 4 p.m. train for St. Anton. It was

the first visit I had made to this compact little ski-ing resort, where the main line station is beside the centre of the village, with the cable railway and chair lifts nearby, and I found it packed with genuine ski-ing enthusiasts who are up in the mountains from dawn until dusk. Consequently there is little hectic night life here

THE extension to the cable railway which now goes on for another 2,000 feet from Galzig up to Valluga at 8,569 feet, and the new double ski-chair up to Kapall, have made this possibly the best ski-ing centre in Europe and perhaps the world. I went up to the top of both Valluga and Kapall on consecutive days and it was a magnificent sight to see skiers descending in every direction. There are so many runs now that you can do different ones every day of the week.

The new extension to the cable railway and the chair lift has been a local dream for years, but it is thanks to the foresight and initiative of an American, Mr. Cornelius Starr, that they have materialized.

H E had been a visitor to St. Anton for many years and saw what wonderful natural runs those mountains possessed, if only a means of getting to the top could be provided. After the war he was so impressed by the way the people of St. Anton were working to put their little village on the map again, that he worked in America to obtain a Marshall Aid grant to finance half the cable chair lift, and provided the other half himself.

This spurred on the local municipality to go

[Continued overleaf]





## ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE GSTAAD

Left: Out ski-ing on the Hornberg slopes were Miss Margaret Ellsworth-Jones and her sister Elizabeth, who were visiting Gstaad with their mother. Many family parties have recently visited this delightful resort for winter sports



Right: Mrs. Robin Montgomerie-Charrington, Countess Alvarez de Toledo and Don Paolo Serra di Cassano were about to start on a run on the Wasserngrat. Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington has leased a chalet in Gstaad for the ski-ing season

## Continuing The Social Journal Where Queen Juliana took a holiday

ahead with plans for the additional cable railway, and they too had some Marshall Aid. Now both railway and lift are carrying hundreds of passengers daily, and when ski-ing is over the summer visitors will be going up to see the wonderful flowers and magnificent views.

The snow was perfect when I was there and locals were hoping for another fall shortly which would carry the season on well towards the end of March.

QUEEN JULIANA of the Netherlands and her three elder daughters, who ski extremely well, had been enjoying a holiday here last month, and were delighted with all the new runs. They had stayed, as they always do, at the Post Hotel which is superbly run, with excellent food. The owner, Mr. Walter Schuler, and his charming wife who goes out on the slopes most days—a picturesque sight ski-ing perfectly, with her golden retriever and golden cocker spaniel following her down the runs—are respected and beloved characters of St. Anton. We dined at the Gasthaus of the Post across the road, where Ludwig the head waiter and Vici his

efficient assistant, suggested several delicious specialities.

Archduke Hubert of Austria arrived to stay at the Post while I was there, and a little while later the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg with the Prince of Luxembourg and several of their children were coming to stay there until the end of the first week in March.

Others who were staying in the village included Comte de Pomeran, who came down from Paris where he lives in the Avenue Foch, Comte Pierre de Castellane, a visitor from Brussels, Count Ferdinand du Chastel, the Belgian Ambassador to Austria, who came over from Vienna, the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Beaumont, who arrived from England, and Mr. and Mrs. Fordham Flower who had come out from their home in Warwickshire.

I met Sir Gifford and Lady Fox who had been staying at the Post for two weeks, ski-ing hard every day, also Betty, Viscountess Mountgarret, Vice-Admiral Patrick McLaughlin, Count Peter Salm, Mrs. Paul Hemmelreich, over from Kitzbühel where she has a house, and Mr. and Mrs. Jan Hruska and their children from Rome. They have converted a farmhouse at St. Anton which they share for holidays with his twin brother.

I ALSO met Lord Patrick Beresford, who was captaining the Royal Horse Guards' ski team which was training for the Army Ski Championships at Bad Gastein. The other members of the team were Mr. Anthony Rous, Mr. Nicholas Mountain and Mr. Richard Abel Smith.

Rudi Matt, one of the most famous Austrian guides, a great character of St. Anton and now head of the ski-school, had the delightful little

house which he built himself at the foot of the cable railway full of ski-ing visitors, whom his wife cares for so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kiaer were over from New York and staying at their flat in House Angelica. They come over two or three times a year, flying direct from New York to Zürich on the Swissair line, to shoot chamois and stags in the autumn and to ski in winter. They are both greatly loved in St. Anton where they have been coming for many years. During the early part of the war Mrs. Kiaer, with her usual generosity, did much to ease the suffering of the people of the village by sending an endless flow of food and clothing parcels from America.

THE courtesy and efficiency of everyone in this little place, which has only one village street, a few hotels, a handful of shops, and numerous chalets dotted around, amazed me. One incident in particular concerned Ebster, the St. Anton tailor, who is now as renowned as Karltenbrunner in Davos for making some of the best ski trousers in Europe. A client who was leaving on the Monday morning decided on Saturday after tea that she wanted another pair of ski trousers. So undaunted she walked into Ebster's shop to see if there was any chance of having them made in time.

The answer was "Yes, certainly," he would fit them at her hotel next morning, and deliver them at 10 a.m. on Monday, which he did on time. I wonder how many of our tailors give similar service to overseas visitors who are pressed for time?

After three nights in this truly sporting and enchantingly unspoilt little village, where even after dark the conversation would always soon





Left: Mrs. Mary Garnett, an expert skier, has been staying at Sannenmoser. Her daughter Sarah will be a 1955 débutante, and is now finishing at a Gstaad school



In the village street were Mme. Laurens Boissevain and her daughter Veracha. Mme. Boissevain and her husband have taken a chalet in the village

revert to ski-ing, and the question of whether you were using Gomme, Head or Kneissl skis this season, I caught the Arlberg Express on to Kitzbühel.

★ ★ ★

HERE in contrast to St. Anton there was a great shortage of snow. The streets of the town were brown and slushy and vast patches of brown grass were showing through on the sides of the mountains and especially on parts of the famous Streif run. Owing to this warm weather (for the three days I was there it was well above freezing) and no fresh snowfall, ski-ing had become difficult and it was a case of planning which run it was still possible to use.

In most cases it meant going up to the top of the Hahnenkamm cable railway and then up again in various ski lifts to do short runs around the top, eventually coming down to the bottom by railway. Pengelstein was still possible to ski down, but there was a lot of sheet ice on it. Others used Brunn, Gigging or Blaufeldsüd.

FORTUNATELY the shortage of snow did not matter so much in Kitzbühel as it would in other places where the social and night life is not so gay. There are many Austrian families living in charming little houses all round Kitzbühel, so that there is perhaps more private entertaining here than in any other ski-ing resort. On an inclement afternoon it is always possible to get a game of bridge or canasta with Austrian friends.

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Beatrice Ammidown and Miss Florence Harcourt. Miss Ammidown is the daughter of Mme. André Embiricos and is at a local finishing school where Miss Harcourt is also a student

Brodrick Haldane



DAVINIA JANE, the twelve-week-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Rutland, was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The godparents were Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd, Mr. C. Keeling, Mr. N. Royds, Mrs. C. Wilson and Miss Julia Royds



Swache

who was one of the three lovely Larisch sisters. She also has another house in Kitzbühel and a flat in Eaton Square. Her sisters, Countess Seilern and Princess Auersperg, were also in Kitzbühel and I met the latter's young son Prince Alphy Auersperg who has charming manners and skis exceptionally well.

**M**R. RAOUL MILLAIS, the brilliant painter of horses, was out here in a small house for a winter sports holiday with Mrs. Millais, and I also saw Mr. Barty Clews from Derbyshire, Miss Fiona Menzies who had come out to stay with Miss Serena Dunn, a very keen young skier whose father Mr. Philip Dunn had taken an apartment out here, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bracken who were staying with his father, who has had a house in Kitzbühel for many years. Mr. Bill Bracken, unfortunately, had an accident on a chair lift, damaging his knee rather badly, and was in hospital when I left.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, accompanied by her young son the present Marquess, was among the parents who brought their children here in January before the schools went back.

**O**THER visitors included Lady Dorothea Head and her children, Mrs. Christopher Seymour and her little son and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pretzlik with their children.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clegg, who live at Bembridge, had taken a house near Schloss Kapps for five or six weeks and had sensibly brought their Austrian chef and his wife with them. They had a happy family party staying with them, including her son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Michael Edwards, who are stationed at Dortmund, and his nephew Capt. David Clegg, who was just off to Bad Gastein to join the Coldstream Guards regimental team competing in the Army Ski Championships. Earlier in the year Mr. Clegg's son James, who was in the second Cambridge ski team, had been staying with them before he went back to the University.

The Cleggs are returning to the Isle of Wight this month and before Easter will be reopening their Pitt House Country Club, at Bembridge, which they run so efficiently and where guests, whether there for a weekend or

## Continuing The Social Journal

### At a table in the sunshine

The first rendezvous each day, if you are not ski-ing seriously, is to meet for an *apéritif* before lunch, sitting at tables in the sunshine outside the Goldene Gams which is right in the middle of the main street of Kitzbühel. Toni Praxmairs, where you get the richest Austrian pastries and cakes (which must add several inches to the waistline!), is still the favourite haunt for tea. Praxmairs is also patronized again later in the evening for dancing, especially on the Tyrolean nights which they hold here twice a week.

Before and after dinner I found that many people gathered in the Rössl Bar of the Weisses Rössl, which is always amusing, with a band playing most of the evening. Here I met Mr. and Mrs. Denis Alexander—she was Anne de Graevenitz before her marriage. They had been spending ten days in Kitzbühel staying with Countess Valle-Arco, and were returning to Rome, where they live, next day. In the Rössl Bar I also met Capt. Anthony Chiesman, of the Life Guards, and his wife, who had been out ski-ing. They were staying in Kitzbühel before going on to Switzerland to stay with his sister who has a house in Engelberg.

**I**N Kitzbühel there are many fascinating little restaurants at which to dine. The Sudhaus, run by Ernst Reich in the cellars under the Sporthaus, is still one of the best. Here you get superb food, graciously served with soft background music, while a violinist strolls slowly among the tables playing lilting Austrian melodies. This is my favourite place to dine in Kitzbühel. Another popular spot for dinner is Altkitzbühel, also in a cellar, with a floor made of logs and cement. Here, too, the food is good and décor amusing. An even more informal little restaurant is Koller Stubli, where I enjoyed the best coffee in Austria.

After dinner if you do not go and dance in the Rössl Bar or at Praxmairs, you go to the Sportklaus, another Tyrolean dancing bar where the famous zitherman Karrer is playing

and filling the place each evening. For those who wish to gamble, the Casino, which was closed at the outbreak of war, has been reopened this season in its old home about the Sportklaus.

One evening during my stay I went to a delightful small cocktail party given by newly married Lord and Lady Grantley, who have been spending part of their honeymoon in Count and Countess Paul Munster's lovely house at Kitzbühel. It has a magnificent view over the valley both in summer and winter, and is superbly furnished with great taste.

After the Grantleys left, Sir William and Lady Rootes were coming out to spend a couple of weeks there, as Count and Countess Munster are not able to get out this winter. Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis were expected the day I left at another charming and beautifully furnished house owned by Mrs. Uhfelter,

SABRINA MARY LOUISE, infant daughter of Mr. Timothy and Lady Antonia Wardell, was christened at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The godparents were Mr. M. Cricton, Mr. Timothy Burrill, Miss Susan Cobbold and Mrs. R. Birley





longer, really, can be comfortable from spring until late autumn.

During my brief stay in Kitzbühel I also met that very cheery and amusing personality Countess José Rosenfeld, who has a delightful house here with the very English name of Hilltops, Mr. Von Blaas the portrait painter, a well-known local character, and Prince Alex Hohenlohe who had come down from Mittersill for a few days and was having an apéritif outside the Goldene Gams with Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis and Mr. Roddy Heron who had come up from Biarritz with his wife. Prince Alex was telling me about the new golf course which is being laid out on the outskirts of Kitzbühel and which they hope to have open for summer visitors at the beginning of July.

I met fair and pretty Belgian Countess de la Barre who was staying at the Weisses Rössl with a party of friends. Also staying at this comfortable and very central hotel, where the owner Mr. Hirnsberger and the hard-working Miss Fertle greet visitors who return here year after year, were Mr. and Mrs. Stefan Klein, who had motored out from England in his Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, who were with them, and Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, from America, with his sister Mrs. Dearborn.

Another amusing American I met was Mrs. Lincoln Ellsworth, widow of the famous explorer, who was staying at the Grand Hotel. Unfortunately her knee, which she injured ski-ing in Zermatt last spring, was still giving trouble and prevented her taking much exercise on skis. Mrs. Ellsworth was accompanied by Miss Irene Durlacher who was having a well-earned holiday and rest from her work at the British Embassy in Paris. This was the first time she had been ski-ing and already after three weeks' tuition she was becoming quite proficient.

KITZBÜHEL has always been renowned for producing not only some of the fastest international racing skiers in the world, but also some of the best instructors and guides. Among the former, perhaps the best known are Anderl Molterer, Toni Sailer, Franz Hinterseer and world champion Christian Pravda, who will possibly represent Austria at the next Olympic Games. He is at present in America at Sun Valley, where one of his recent pupils was the Shah of Persia. In the second category among the well-known guides at Kitzbühel are Sepp Mollinger who for some time went as an instructor in Chile where the ski-ing is as good as in any European country, Christian Haidacher, a first-class rock climber, and Raimund Wurrenraier.

Mr. Karl Koller, the head of the ski school in Kitzbühel, once again organized the annual "Guides Ball," a very gay affair with a most amusing cabaret provided by some of the guides.

There were between 500 and 600 guests at the ball who danced until the early hours of the morning, and no doubt lessons on the nursery slopes and elsewhere on the mountains had to be a little less severe than usual next morning!

At last, two hours before I left, it started to snow. Excited faces were everywhere and already when I went to the station there were several inches on the ground, and the prospect of many more weeks of happy ski-ing looked much brighter. I caught the night Arlberg Express for Zürich on my way to spend a few days in Gstaad, Wengen and finally St. Moritz, hoping to arrive at the latter in time to see, weather permitting, the first International World Championships on the famous Cresta Run. This should provide new records and some most spectacular and exciting racing on this hazardous course which as I write, they plan to have open from "top."



Miss Angela Webb-Carter and Miss Carol Wright joking with their host against a background of wallpaper with an unusual nautical motif



Miss Pat Miesegaes, her fiancé Mr. Mavroleon, brother of the host, with the Hon. Clarissa Chaplin and Mr. Timothy Sargison-Brooke



Mr. and Mrs. James Wesley-Smith, the Hon. Mrs. John Worsley, who is a daughter of Viscount Hardinge, and Mr. John Worsley



Miss Euphemia Halsey and Mr. John Swire admired a coat of arms taken from an old coach which made a charming wall decoration

## HOUSE WARMING IN BELGRAVE SQUARE

SOME sixty guests came to a house-swarming party and congratulated their host, Mr. Bluey Mavroleon, on the new décor of his flat. It is in the American Colonial tradition and its style and taste were greatly admired





Viscount Hailsham, the former Conservative M.P., succeeded his father in 1950 and later sought legislative sanction for the renunciation of a peerage by an unwilling heir

## "DUKES, EARLS, LORDS, GENTLEMEN INDEED"

*L. G. PINE, Editor of "Burke's Peerage," writes on some aspects of the laws of succession which, dependent on Royal favour in the Middle Ages, can today be varied only by Parliamentary process*

**I**T was announced today at the House of Lords that his Grace the 7th Duke of Blankshire formally completed the resignation into the hands of Her Majesty the Queen of all his titles, and renounced all claim to them on behalf of himself and his heirs. Mr. Horace Nullity, as the late Duke is now to be known, is working as an order clerk in a well-known company of coal merchants; he explained to our representative that when he succeeded his cousin, the 6th Duke, in 1953, he found the estate so encumbered by death duties and other charges that it was virtually impossible for him to inherit anything but the title."

**D**ESPITE all the changes which have occurred since 1939, we should still feel a deep sense of shock if we were to read such news as the above.

Yet there was a time when just such an announcement was actually made and was not thought surprising; and so strangely does history tread again its former paths that a Personal Bill is to be brought into the House of Lords to enable Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., to renounce his right of succession to the Viscounty of Stansgate. Mr. Benn seeks to have the succession in the Stansgate peerage diverted from himself and passed to his son, Stephen Michael—Lord Stansgate's grandson—who is only three years old. Mr. Benn is a member of the Labour Party, but his feelings on the subject of succession to a title which he does not want were shared by Mr. Quintin Hogg, former Conservative M.P., who succeeded his father, Lord Hailsham, as second Viscount in 1950 and who then sought legislative sanction for the renunciation of a peerage by an heir who did not wish to succeed to it.

**F**EW things are commoner in the genealogical sphere than the legend that uncle John or grandfather Harry (they usually lived in Tasmania or British Columbia) could have been peers or baronets had they liked. They didn't want the title so they passed it on to another member of the family.

This is nonsense, for the House of Lords has decided that a peerage cannot be renounced. A person who is heir to a peerage must succeed to it *de jure* (though not necessarily *de facto*); he may not use the title but he cannot avoid inheriting it.

Yet three hundred years ago in the reign of Charles I things were very different; but if Messrs. Benn and Hailsham think that they would like in regard to their own particular problem to have lived then, they might care to reflect on some of the unfortunates like poor Roger Stafford who was browbeaten by the

gentle, perfumed and essenced King Charles I into giving up the barony of Stafford. Roger's only fault was that he was poor. Roger Stafford was the great-grandson of one of the greatest noblemen at the court of Henry VIII, Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham and Lord High Constable of England. In the latter capacity the Duke presided over the Court of Chivalry and it was before his own court that he was brought for trial by the intrigues of Cardinal Wolsey, his enemy. The Duke was condemned and executed and, in the words of the Emperor Charles V, "A butcher's cur pulled down the finest buck in England," Wolsey being a butcher's son. With the Duke's death most of his estates and honours were lost to his family, but one barony remained and to this Roger Stafford laid claim in 1637. He had little money, in fact his early life was so poor that he lived with one of the family servants and, indeed, he even used the latter's name of Floyd.

**W**HEN he claimed to be Lord Stafford, he was sixty-five years old, without any powerful alliances and Charles I promptly decided that as Roger Stafford alias Floyd had no lands or means whatsoever, he must renounce his peerage. The King appeared as plaintiff and Roger Stafford as defendant in the Court of Common Pleas, and by a species of legal chicanery, Roger was induced to give up his right. "He was denied it on account of his poverty," says Sir Bernard Burke.

The King then bestowed the barony of Stafford upon Sir William Howard who was wealthy and useful to him. The title was an unlucky one for the new Lord Stafford became involved in Titus Oates's plot and was attainted and beheaded, on perjured evidence, in 1680, nor did the peerage return to his family until 1824, when the attainder was reversed. The present Lord Stafford is the fourteenth of his line.

**N**OT all renunciations were quite as tragic. Sometimes they had a distinctly humorous side. Richard II was fond of bestowing life peerages and gave one of these to Guichard d'Angle, whom he made Earl of Huntingdon.

Guichard was a foreigner who could not properly become a peer, and the other peers barred his presence. At any rate, in 1378 he prevailed upon the King to cancel his peerage and to give him a pension of £1,000 per annum. As this was the equivalent of about £15,000 in our money, Guichard came very favourably out of the exchange. In another case, in Richard II's reign the surrender took the form



Viscount Stansgate, whose son, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., has expressed the wish to renounce his prospective peerage in favour of his own son





King Richard II, who made a practice of bestowing life peerages on favourites



Cardinal Wolsey: "A butcher's cur who pulled down the finest buck in England"

Picture Post Library

of what might not unfittingly be described as "a fair swop." Robert de Vere, the ninth Earl of Oxford, was high in the favour of King Richard.

De Vere was then the mightiest subject of the English Crown, and the Lord Great Chamberlain. Indeed, it is by descent from him in the female line that the Marquess of Cholmondeley derives his position of Keeper of the Palace of Westminster. But de Vere had even higher ambitions. By Richard II he was created Marquess of Dublin for life and when that was deemed insufficient, the generous King made de Vere Duke of Dublin; in exchange the previous Marquessate was cancelled and with the Dukedom was a grant of the Irish revenues.

As a result of these favours vast jealousy was excited against the Duke, his enemies chased him out of Britain, and he died in Louvain in 1392 of a wound from a boar's tusk.

IT is perfectly clear from some of the old cases that surrenders were dictated by political dislikes and hatreds. The earldom of Norfolk, which has been for many ages possessed by the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk and Earls Marshal of England, was originally held by the family of Bigod.

Members of this powerful family were thorns in the sides of kings and Roger Bigod, the fifth Earl of Norfolk, in particular had made himself most obnoxious to Edward I. When the King found himself in a strong position he forced a complete instrument of surrender

upon Roger Bigod. By some devious means Bigod was made to declare the King his heir, and gave up his earldom with the Earl Marshalship which went with it. The terms of the compact are like a business deal. On giving up the title the Earl got £1,000 down and the same sum per year for life (he was elderly at the time so the pension did not last for long).

The earldom was to be restored if Bigod had children of his second marriage. Once he was safely dead without issue Edward I claimed his part of the bargain and Bigod's proper heir, his brother, was pushed out of his inheritance. The King's younger son was then given the title together with the combined Earl Marshalship and through his female descendants it passed to the present Dukes of Norfolk.

EVEN the celebrated Richard Neville, the famous King Maker of the Wars of the Roses, was the subject of one of these exchanges. His letters patent as Earl of Warwick was made out in 1450, cancelled the next year, and a new patent put in its place. This may have had something to do with Warwick's animosity to Henry VI, who was responsible for the change.

So frequent were surrenders and cancellations of peerages in the Middle Ages that most great families had some experience of them. Besides the Bigods and Nevilles, the Montagus and Herberts were the victims of these examples of royal caprice.

In another case, when Sir Charles Brandon,

who married Henry VIII's sister, Mary, was created Duke of Suffolk, he had to renounce the lower dignity of Viscount Lisle. Lewis de Bruges, whom Edward IV had made Earl of Winchester, had the earldom revoked by Henry VII without compensation of pension or other title.

THINGS had changed a good deal by Charles I's time, but with his love of the archaic, and his need for money, he revived the old habit of surrender or alienation of title in the Stafford case. This was the last instance. Members of the House of Lords were roused to a proper sense of the danger to their dignities, and in 1678 they passed a resolution that no one could alienate a peerage to which he had succeeded. "No peer of this realm can drown or extinguish his honour"; the title passes to his descendants, and it is quite unaffected by any surrender, grant, fine or conveyance to the Crown.

Because of this resolution, it has been impossible for anyone since 1678 to avoid or alienate a peerage. There was an echo of the claim to surrender a title in 1907 when Lord Mowbray claimed the Earldom of Norfolk and the surrender of that title by Roger Bigod was brought out of the limbo of history.

No doubt if Mr. Benn's project of a Personal Bill is brought forward many forgotten pages of English history will be turned back, just as recently the Court of Chivalry, which tried and condemned the Duke of Buckingham, was revived after a lapse of 219 years.



## BALLERINA'S WEDDING

Margot Fonteyn, the celebrated Sadler's Wells Company ballerina, was married in Paris to Señor Roberto Arias, the son of a former President of Panama, who may be his country's new Ambassador in London. The bride was married in a grey taffeta dress by Dior



## Roundabout

—Paul Holt

FELICITATIONS to Margot Fonteyn on her marriage. I know of nobody who will not wish her the full happiness her sunny nature deserves. The only shadow over my heart when I heard some months ago that she was to marry a Panamanian lawyer was that London might lose her, for women, I know, are apt to follow their men wherever they go.

But now it has been announced that Dr. Roberto Arias has been put forward as Panama's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and I am content.

His wife is one of the gayest girls who ever became a world star (and she is, in my opinion, the greatest in the world today).

She never stops talking and that big smile is not for the cameras; she just can't help it.

The Sadler's Wells company adores her and calls her, behind her back: "Little Peggy Hookham from Shanghai."

That is because, when first she appeared as a candidate for the *corps de ballet* at Sadler's Wells, Dame Ninette de Valois asked sternly who *was* that little girl over there, and six girls answered in unison: "Little Peggy Hookham from Shanghai."

Little P. H. from S. adores Robert Helpmann for his sense of fun, but holds that there is only one real male partner in the world for her, Michael Somes.

WHEN she was younger she loved ballroom dancing (preferably in small, smoky clubs), rough red wine and spaghetti. These are unusual tastes in a ballerina and she has retained them, for she still cares for red wine and likes sitting up talking all night.

Her vitality is frightening. A friend has told me about her debut in New York in 1948. "It was the greatest test she has so far undergone. Then, in the Rose Adagio

scene of *Sleeping Beauty*, a great lion's roar of applause broke out from the audience. The dancing had to stop and for minutes Margot stood there bowing. I was proud to be British that night. . . .

"Afterwards we all went to a reception by the Mayor, led through the streets by a police escort, with sirens. At two thirty in the morning we stood on the pavement, exhausted by the emotion of the night. Margot looked around at us and said 'Well, where shall we go from here?' We went to Harlem."

THERE are only two other things I know about her which hint at her character. She adores fine clothes in bright colours. I saw her in the crush bar at the Garden a fortnight ago in a scarlet cloak Goya would have loved to paint.

And she is wonderful at any kind of mathematical problem. Cube roots are easy for her.



One thing she said, though, concerns me. "Being a ballerina and having babies don't go together."

But this is a very great nonsense. They do. They almost always do.

I give you the classic example of the great Lydia Sokolova, Diaghileff's greatest pet, born Hilda Munnings, and niece of Sir Alfred, that illustrious horse-painter.

Lydia was on a desperately unsuccessful South American tour. One day, on the train journey between Santos and São Paulo (says Arnold Haskell), a truckload of scenery caught fire in a tunnel. This so upset Lydia that on September 1, 1917, her daughter, Natasha, was born, a month early.

Natasha, although not the great dancer her mother was, is today one of the most beautiful women in town.

THERE is also the splendid case of Mrs. Dorothy Jordan, who made her début at the Lane in 1785. When George III heard that his son the Duke of Clarence was allowing Mrs. Jordan, known to all as The Pretty Pickle, £1,000 a year, he protested this was extravagance and the poor prince had to go to his love to tell her so.

She bore him five sons and five daughters, which meant she was absent from the boards so often that the crowd booed her.

I also like the attitude of another lady of the Lane, Mrs. Rogers (1692-1719). When Robert Wilkes, actor, swore that if she did not yield to him he would kill himself, she yielded.

Ever after, when they quarrelled, she could be heard crying: "Ah, villain to treat me so! Did I not save your life?"

★ ★ ★

MR. HUGH MOLSON, Parliamentary Secretary for Transport, has told the Commons that once again a Channel Tunnel has been turned down by experts of his Ministry as impracticable, vulnerable and too expensive. The cost? £82 million.

I am glad. That beastly tunnel has been nagging at me since I was a child. I never liked it, for all I know about tunnels is that you can't get the window up, the lights go off and on erratically, the old lady opposite, who looks like Miss Marple, gives you a sharp look over her Angela Thirkell, smuts get in your soup, the smell is abominable, the noise is worse than that bad dream when lions snarl and scratch their claws on glass, waiters look like Punchinello going to a hanging and the sudden blast of sunlight at the end is like Big Brother's third degree.

No more of tunnels.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a harrowing tale Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat, author of *The Cruel Sea*, brings with him to London.

He made £200,000 out of his splendid book, but is now working as British Information Officer in Ottawa for £30 a week.

Why should he do that?

"I got £1 a word for my book, but the taxpayer got 18s. a word," he says.

How disgraceful. Overtaxation is the first sign of a decadence in a civilization. You may quote me

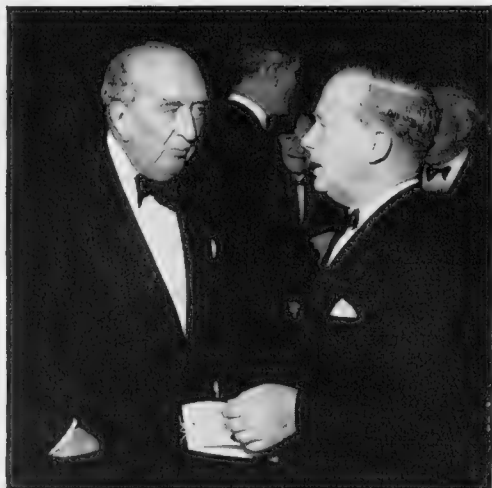


ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., D.S.O., who becomes First Sea Lord in March, is perhaps, of all the outstanding figures of our time, the nearest in spirit to the Elizabethans, for wide experience and heavy responsibility have sharpened rather than dimmed that quality of zest which can be recognized in his personality—and theirs. Whether on the deck of the gloriously foundering Kelly, or in the scarcely less perilous tenancy of the Viceroyalty in the last days of British India, his nerve and resolution have brought him and his companions forth with honour, while as "Supremo" in South-East Asia, his name is secure in the history of global war. He will undoubtedly make a brilliant addition to the ever-illustrious roll of First Sea Lords



## DUKE WITH AUSTRALIANS

THE Duke of Gloucester presided at a dinner given by the Australia Club to meet Mr. R. G. Menzies. Nearly 500 guests were present at this event, which took place at the Savoy Hotel



Left: Viscount Bruce of Melbourne was listening to Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia in London, at the reception



Right: H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester chatting to Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, in whose honour the dinner was held

### DINING IN

#### Three preludes

—Helen Burke

TO eat well, these days, demands of us probably more thought than any other facet of our daily expenditure, if we are to produce good nourishing food at a price which does not embarrass us.

Meat is expensive, and so is the fish we like to serve, though there are inexpensive varieties which, given a little attention, result in most rewarding dishes.

It is in the beginnings of meals that we can economize gracefully, as it were, to make interesting introductions to the main dishes. Soup comes first to mind and, as we have such perfect leeks just now, I think of leek and potato soup made with water, because, in this case, water is the best "stock." Incidentally, I now buy trimmed leeks in transparent packing because, in the long run, they are the cheapest.

START with the white of three to four leeks. Cut them, lengthwise, into four, then slice finely across, so that there are no strings of almost dissolved leeks hanging from any soup spoon. Melt an ounce of butter in a soup-pot, add the leeks and let them simmer very gently, covered, while you peel and finely dice three to four medium-sized potatoes. Add them to the pot and simmer for a little, turning them to coat with the fat. Do not brown.

Now add as much water as you require, season with a little salt and a turn of the pepper mill, cover tightly and boil for up to an hour, when the whole should be ready. Taste and season further, adding a little more water if necessary, though the soup should be a thick one. Sieve it, if you like, but there is no need for this. Add a further ounce of butter to the soup and serve. Croûtons, passed separately, are the ideal garnish.

GRAPE-FRUIT is cheap and very good just now, especially those juicy Jaffas, and is little trouble to prepare, leaving one time for the more exacting dishes which follow. At present you may feel that it is a little cold as the introduction to a meal, so why not try it hot and glazed?

Simply prepare the grape-fruit in the usual

way, sprinkle it generously with sugar, preferably Demerara, and place it under a hot grill to glaze. If you wish, add a little sherry or brandy, but it really does not need these elegant extras. It took me a long time to convince myself that this was worth doing, but, since then, I often serve grape-fruit this way.

A FISH cocktail is another good introduction and a small tin of tuna will go a long way—indeed, it can do for four to six servings. Flake the fish. Add its oil to a sauce made by mixing together tomato ketchup and real mayonnaise (or unsweetened evaporated milk or double cream), half and half or to your liking, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce or sherry, a little horseradish, if you wish, and pepper and salt to taste. Chill the sauce but not the fish.

Make a base of thinly-sliced lettuce in small glasses. Mix the fish and sauce and put a portion in each, with a faint sprinkle of chopped parsley on top.

If you like garlic very much, rest a cut clove of it for a minute or two in the sauce before adding the fish.



### DINING OUT

#### Marine haggis

IT would appear that I trod on a few toes when I agreed with chef Jean Guiguet, who comes from Marseilles, that *bouillabaisse* was an overrated affair.

A gentleman by the name of George Blair writes to say that in spite of the fact that he now farms in Sussex he once had a villa at Carqueiranne, about an hour's run from Marseilles, and that *bouillabaisse* is a great wonder of the world. He also points out that in a recent issue of *The Times* they reported

that this famous dish had been elevated to the peerage; in other words, the French had declared it to be a "Noble" dish. He then breaks into verse:

*It has been stated,  
To be overrated  
By—  
Don't make me laugh—  
I. Bickerstaff.  
Its fame is quite global,  
In fact it is "Noble"  
And not second-place  
This fine bouillabaisse.*

He is not the only person to burst into verse on this subject. We have William Makepeace Thackeray who, to my growing discomfort, also describes *bouillabaisse* as Noble:

*This bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
That Greenwich never could outdo.*

THIS brings me to another subject about which there is much argument: the use of the wine basket, which seems to have come into general favour.

Personally, I think that unless the basket is used with great care it is very likely that you will get more sediment out of a bottle you have decided not to decant than by leaving it in an upright position. As for pouring comparatively new wines out of them with so much fuss and caution that you might imagine a row of pearls would come cascading out of the bottle, it is quite ridiculous, especially when you frequently see waiters proceeding towards the dining-room from the cellar swinging the bottle in one hand like an Indian club and the basket in the other, till they get within reach of the door, when the bottle goes into the basket and is then carried to their customer's table with a look of concentrated devotion.

QUOTING an expert, H. Warner Allen: "... I, have far less confidence in the Burgundy basket as a substitute for decanting. ... If the sediment is not to be disturbed, the whole bottle in the basket should be poured into the glasses at one go, and how often has the bottle escaped a rough shaking before it finds its way into the basket?"

I am indeed heartily in agreement that wine of an age should be poured out in one go, and have had a fine time collecting glasses to make this possible for two, three or four people.

—I. Bickerstaff



## THE LIGHT BLUES' FIELD CLUB BALL

SOME 350 guests, most of them belonging to the University colleges, enjoyed the annual ball of the Trinity College Field Club. Many of them were entertained first to a sherry party in the Old Common Room, Trinity College



Miss Angela Alexander and Mr. Paul Burrell were among the dancers. The excellent cabaret was given by several members of the celebrated Footlights



Left: Miss Penelope Harvey-Jones and her partner, Mr. Jeremy Simpson, of Clare. The ball was held at the Dorothy ball-room in the town

Right: Mr. Nigel Daw, Miss Penelope Somervaille, Mr. Peter Marson, Miss Diana Oulton, Miss Patricia de Fonblanque and Mr. Harvey Stewart



Miss Fearne Ewart, Mr. Andrew Richards, Miss Savinia Pusich, Mr. Brian Marber, president of the Footlights, Mr. Mark Pattinson, president of the Field Club, and Miss Jane Tillotson were among the company



Van Hallan





## THE CANINE WORLD'S HIGHEST AWARD

CRUFT'S SHOW at Olympia had a great number of entries again this year, and 3,314 dogs competed on the first day alone. Above: Supreme Champion of the whole show was the poodle, Champion Tzigane Aggri of Nashend, with its owner, Mrs. A. Proctor



Viscount and Viscountess Waverley (left) were watching the judging in the ring. The Obedience Classes raised a great deal of interest this year



Right: Mrs. M. Porterfield, secretary of the Sheep, Police and Army Dog Society, with Mr. John Witts. Her dog is Doberman Pinscher Reichart Judy





Mrs. William A. Rockefeller came over from New York for the show. She is a very keen breeder of Bedlington terriers



Lady Ivor Spencer-Churchill and Cavalier King Charles spaniels, Deanhill Turquoise and Deanhill Perle



Miss J. Milston with the Borzoi, Melba of Quernmore, winner of the Best of Breed and Best Dog on the first day



Viscountess Chelmsford was a judge. Her husband is the second Viscount and they live at Chiddingfold, Surrey



Left: Mr. George Ely, the well-known professional trainer from Meopham, in Kent, who was chief judge of the Obedience Ring

Right: Miss I. M. de Pledge and Mrs. H. Lunham, the Pekingese breeders, of the Orchard, Bracknell, Berks, grooming an exhibit





## At the Theatre

# Well-aimed darts

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE success of *Intimacy* at 8.30 at the Criterion suggests that a revue which has ideas can get along very well these days without big names. Mr. Hugh Paddick, a remarkably self-effacing comedian for one who so often pulls something really funny out of the bag, leads a small company. They are lively and well-knit, but we are entertained less by the virtuosités of the performers than by the neatness with which they put across a ready flow of neatly comic ideas.

It is a show which owes quite as much to the authors (Mr. Peter Myers, Mr. Alec Grahame and Mr. David Climie) as to Mr. Paddick, Miss Joan Heal, Miss Joan Sims and the rest of the company; and the credit for making this unusual, and at one time unthinkable, combination work belongs to Mr. Michael Charnley, whose direction is consistently good.

NOTHING succeeds like success, and the purring authors have now discarded a few of their weaker ideas and come forward with a new batch. Those who liked the show in its first version may be assured that it has been genuinely refreshed by revision and will repay a second visit.

Not perhaps the best of the new ideas, but the one that works out best, is a scene in a radio studio during the broadcast of one of those endless serial renderings of rural family life. The point of the joke is simply the contrast between the urbane actors and the characters who are supposed to have come up from Mummerset, but it is a point multiplied many times by the resourcefulness with which Mr. Paddick, Miss Heal and Miss Sims ring the changes on the obvious contrast.

Mr. Paddick is especially adroit in his transformation of a languor compounded of hangover, laryngitis and boredom into sudden bursts of rural heartiness.

MR. T. S. ELIOT is a more difficult subject and in "From Bed to Verse" it is possible that Mr. Clymie has not quite got hold of what his distinguished victim would call the proper "objective correlative," but what he picks out from the Eliot formula is at least recognisable, and the mockery, though crude, is all the funnier for an undertone of puzzled respect.

Miss Joan Heal represents very amusingly the single-minded lady who is confounded by the obscure reservations of her various lovers. All three authors collaborate to create the picture of a time when, by the curious working of the Press Council, the editions of newspapers and periodicals meant for infants will contain matter which adult papers do not dare to print. Mr. Peter Telgate, Miss Heal and Miss Sims are the horribly gleeful infants. A skit on horror comics is less effective, perhaps because it reminds us, to its own disadvantage, of Mr. Max Adrian's horribly delightful ghoul drawn from a dank churchyard to rattle a collector's box on ghouls' flag-day.

The Wimbledon Centre Court sketch, on the other hand, will be welcome by many simply because it recalls fading memories of the temperamental Suzanne Lenglen.

Revue seems to be subject to some law



LARGO IL BARBIERE. Ronnie Stevens laments, with high speed and vivacity, the vicissitudes of a fashionable barber

by which matter which is really topical defies successful treatment until it has ceased to be topical. Still, the new numbers are, on the whole, on the same neatly amusing level as the old.

YET none challenges the supremacy of "Siren Song," and it is delightful to hear again Miss Joan Sims as the actress who once hoped to become the World's Sweetheart now at the station microphone breathing "Woking—this is Woking."

The authors are notably good in bringing their curtain down on the interval and raising it again. It is surprising, therefore, that they should retain for their closing number of the show the feeble burlesque of Gilbert and Sullivan.



A POETIC HOUSEHOLD: The wife (Joan Sims) prefers bed to verse, but her lover (Peter Felgate) is happier with his yo-yo. The husband (Hugh Paddick) is more comfortable philosophising without his trousers, the maid (Aud Johansen) is somewhat at a loss, and the char (Joan Heal) provides with relish a chorus of unmitigated woe in this deep, dark and nonsensical modern drama





Vivienne

## MISS KIRKWOOD IN A CRINOLINE

ONE of our best-loved and most versatile revue actresses, Pat Kirkwood, is to star with Shani Wallis in *Wonderful Town*, a U.S. musical based on the novel, *My Sister Eileen*, which opens at the Prince's Theatre on Feb. 23. Miss Kirkwood has in recent years delighted audiences in such widely different rôles as Peter Pan, and a night-club singer in Noël Coward's *Ace of Clubs*, and her new rôle would appear to be tailor-made to suit her charm and highly vivacious personality

## London Limelight

# Heat of the Inferno

FOR some theatre-goers, *Vicious Circle* (*Huit Clos*), at the Watergate, suffers by comparison with a previous production, but for those with an open mind the present version is uncomfortably impressive.

Jean-Paul Sartre, the author, has always seemed to me a victim, like Pirandello, of his own solemn admirers. At a London Press conference a year or two back, two earnest French journalists recorded every word the Master spoke, as a matter of sacred duty. They were apparently permanent travelling acolytes: yet his reputation survives. *Huit Clos* is a fair specimen of the turn-of-the-screw school of mental torture. Sartre puts his three wicked squirrels, a murderer, a pervert and a coward into one tiny, airless cage in the bowels of hell. They

rotate for an hour and a half in front of our eyes, and our ordeal is plainly only a minute fragment of their eternity. For us it is a ravaging ordeal, but it gives considerable opportunities to Hugh Burden, Faith Brook and Pat Sandys. Here are three notable contemporary actors, and their high skill goes a long way to sweeten this grim medicine.

It has been suggested to me by more than one sufferer that it would be beneficial to theatre business generally if managements were to take a census of public opinion as to which London theatre possesses the rudest box-office management. These gentry are in office for the purpose of selling

seats for hard cash: they are not dispensers of Olympian favours to over-presumptuous mortals. Yet to ask for an upper-circle seat for a popular play is very often courting such a snub as a senior prefect might administer to a new boy asking help with his prep.

My own suggestion is that the management, having decided on the chief offender, should persuade the P.M.G. to give the winner a job on almost any Central London post-office counter, where he could mingle with his peers.

THE Piccadilly Theatre is being given a thorough overhaul, which is to include re-carpeting, re-lighting, re-seating and re-curtaining, under the direction of M. Stephane Boudin, the French interior decorator.

This is its first overhaul since it was built in 1928. W. H. Berry performed the opening ceremony in a long-forgotten musical called *Blue Eyes*, aided by Miss Evelyn Laye, after which the films engulfed it for a while.

The Palace is also being added to the spring-cleaning list before its reopening with Antonio, greatest of Spanish dancers, next Monday.

Regular patrons will have no difficulty in deciding the priorities for the next four on the list.

—Youngman Carter



Pat Sandys, Hugh Burden and Faith Brook as the self-tormentors of *Vicious Circle*



## At the Pictures

# The emerald hunters



Doris Day and Frank Sinatra sing their way sweetly through the cosy domesticity of "The Young at Heart"

**G**ORGED—maybe that is the right word—with watching TV as a defenceless invalid for the past few weeks, I returned to the cinema with the expectations of a lover meeting an old flame again.

What was it like? The welcome back was rough, rowdy and *risqué*. It consisted of a Western, two musicals and a supposedly naughty, but quite proper, French film. It served one right, I suppose. But I enjoyed almost every minute. Is the old flame getting a bit long-winded, though?

I can make a pronouncement on the relative merits of TV and the cinema. TV is not so good at Westerns, musicals and French films. To wit:

**S**TEWART GRANGER, Grace Kelly and Paul Douglas fill a hundred entertaining minutes with enjoyment for themselves, I should think, and certainly for the majority of picturegoers in *Green Fire*. It is a straightforward, honest-to-goodness, honest-to-badness Western, with a Latin-American background.

The plot is what you expect, no surprises, but exciting enough. It hangs together and moves along. Granger, Kelly and Douglas are well up to their conventional parts. Andrew Marton's direction is sure and the production, in CinemaScope and colour, takes advantage of the splendour of the natural scene.

A greying, debonair Granger, partnered somewhat unwillingly by a tough but chivalrous Douglas, discovers an old emerald mine of the Conquistadores in the mountains of Colombia. Eldorado stuff.

All would be well but for the local priest,

who is against money-making in general, the local bandit (nicely played by Jose Torvay), who is against Granger's making any in particular, and Grace Kelly, who owns a near-by coffee plantation. The moral is not to go emerald-mining near Miss Kelly. Although Granger outwits priest and bandit, Miss Kelly's disturbingly good looks, reinforced by a few sticks of dynamite, finally put paid to his venture.

**W**E have a generous ration of landslides, fisticuffs and small-arms fire. The superior marksmanship of Hollywood stars, armed only with pistols, over platoons of bandits armed with rifles, is again well upheld by Granger.

Now for Kelly. She plays well and looks lovely in a versatile tropical wardrobe ranging from tight pants to swinging skirts. She remains fresh and dainty in a climate which soaks her male companions in perspiration. For full value you see her also in mourning black and a white *négligé* outfit for nightwork on the veranda. But her beauty and ability outshine any clothes they hang on her. As if to prove this she gets herself thoroughly drenched at the end and—she looks as good as new.

**B**OTH the musicals, *There's No Business Like Show Business* and *The Young at Heart*, provide your moneysworth of stars and music if you go for that. The first is a gorgeously-produced affair, an instrument for a plummy selection of Irving Berlin's song-hits over a quarter-century.

To make it easier for everyone the film strings the songs together in a story about the vicissitudes, professional and domestic, of a music-hall family. Except perhaps for

its length and sameness it is good entertainment.

You know the tuneful songs already. They are expensively and well put across. Miss Monroe sets out to show us she is more than just the answer to a wolf-whistle, and shows us. She handles her numbers with aplomb and is well able to hold her own as a light-comedy actress.

That tireless trouper, Ethel Merman, is the pivot of the family, combining motherhood with the stage, and gets most of the work, acting, singing and hoofing. Donald O'Connor does a splendid job in song and dance and makes a very funny drunk. Dialogue, by the way, is nice and sharp, which helps dissolve the heavy sugar content. Johnnie Ray—well, let's leave it at that. He looks well in uniform, anyway, girls.

*The Young at Heart* takes us right into the cosy heart of all-American family life—pop, Aunt Jessie, the daughters and their dates, joys, heartaches and all. It is a wholesome domestic musical, with vocal aid from Doris Day and Frank Sinatra.

Now I thought I had been ill. But the sight of Sinatra has almost changed my mind. This is a tribute to his acting skill. As a starved, bitter, down-at-heel musician he looks so terrifyingly ill that I felt like sending him a doctor. He makes himself as unglamorous as he can, and seems to like it. When not lying down to the blows of fate, he huddles over the piano moaning sad numbers. It is an impressive performance and will jerk many tears.

Doris Day is sparkling and competent and does what she can to dissipate the gloom emanating from Sinatra. But do not take fright. It all ends happily with Sinatra a daddy.

**D**ESPITE the film censors' refusal, the L.C.C. was right to give a certificate to the French film *Trois Femmes*. Three de Maupassant stories about women are put together: the Negress and the French soldier; the woman who needs a baby to gain a legacy; the girl whose baby is adopted by five fathers. The director does not fully succeed in turning them from literature into picture. But it is a good shot, and certainly nothing to offend a grown-up adult.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Left: "GREEN FIRE" stars Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly and Paul Douglas. The last two are seen (left) in a dramatic moment in this exciting film about emerald hunters set in the dense jungles of Latin-America

Right: "A STAR IS BORN," starring James Mason and Judy Garland, is the moving story of Hollywood life, which Janet Gaynor and Frederic March made before the war. Also in the present cast are Charles Bickford and Jack Carson







## EXOTIC NEWCOMER

LISA MONTELL is nineteen years old and has only recently arrived in Hollywood from Peru. She will be seen soon in *Escape to Burma*, which stars Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan and David Farrar. Of Russian-Polish-Tartar heritage, she was born in Poland and educated in New York and Miami, Florida. She was first discovered for films in Peru when she took the lead in *Cocobolo*.

## Television

### VINTAGE SHAW

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

IRENE WORTH is probably the most considerable of our leading actresses to venture into television deeper than tiptoe. That *Candida* is not quite obviously her part makes the prospect of her shot at it on Sunday all the more stimulating. Harold Clayton has also hand-picked a supporting cast that promises the right compound for the play of experience and innocence. Those nearly infallible experts, Michael Hordern and Edward Chapman, look after, respectively, Morell and Burgess. Miss Worth's Marchbanks will be Tom McGriddle, a young Scots actor from Perth Repertory making his TV debut.

Tuesday's *Barnet's Folly*, by Jan Stewer, bids us beware that the success of *The Farmer's Wife* may lead the way to a whole season of rustic comedy. This cast has the advantage of that splendid actress Joyce Barbour, as well as the author.

FIRST announcements of to-night's new serial, *Portrait of Alison*, by Francis Durbridge, sound slightly reminiscent of the same author's *The Teckman Biography*, in which the same actor, Patrick Barr, then played a writer (now an artist) commissioned to write a biography (now paint a portrait) of a vanished

person (now a dead girl). Mr. Barr, at any rate, deserved his accolade as TV actor of 1954-55.

This week brings us back TV's two unsurpassed comics, both shared with radio. Eric Barker's new series, "Look At It This Way," threatens to turn the deadly revealing lens he used to hold up to TV on other national failings: starting to-night with sport. On Friday, Arthur Askey will be back "Before Your Very Eyes." Let us hope that Askey himself will be in as good form as he was two years ago, and "the same script and production team" in rather better.

Saturday's repeat will conclude the documentary achievement, "War in the Air." Monday starts a brief but important new series: three programmes on France, each introduced by ex-President Auriol. The producer, Donald Baverstock, is responsible for the excellent "Asian Club."



## The gramophone

### LUCKY THIRTEEN

IT is just under three years ago that the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra was formed and from that time it has steadily maintained the interest of all who appreciate contemporary music. Forty-year-old Ed Sauter gained his experience with such famous band leaders as Barnet, Goodman,

Herman, Norvo, Dorsey and Shaw; Bill Finegan studied at the Paris Conservatoire, later becoming the musical genius behind the Glenn Miller band. It is not surprising that this partnership has resulted in some of the most interesting, intelligent and original work being offered in the sphere of modern jazz.

On the recently released Long-Play "Inside Sauter-Finegan" there are thirteen examples of the band's repertoire. Each has more than something to hold the listener's attention: each should be heard several times, for often the arrangements and performance are so intricate that a single hearing is entirely taboo.

WITH the exception of three of the items in this album, the human voice plays no part, and it is all credit to Andy Roberts, who sings "Old Folks," and Sally Sweetland, who makes something quite staggering out of "Feuilles Mortes," that they fit so correctly into the general conception of the recording.

The beautiful voice of Miss Sweetland is also used in harmony with leading trumpeter Al Maiorca in "10,000 B.C.," a fascinating piece built up on the traditional five-note scale.

Don't, however, expect from this orchestra anything to which you can dance, though you will find that it presents music which could be given dance interpretation with interesting effect.

In the past ten years the approach to jazz has been given a new look by several first-rate bands, but little if anything has achieved the quality and polish of the musical moods so intriguingly set down by the Sauter-Finegan partnership. (H.M.V. CLP. 1027.)

—Robert Tredinnick



# THE CATTISTOCK A GREAT DAY'S

CRUXTON MANOR, the home of Sir Dudley Cun- was the scene of a law- was thoroughly enjoyed by the Cattistock Hunt. They lent day's sport, hounds n ground and some fine po followers for braving the



Above: Admiral Sir V. A. Crutchley, V.C., who usually rides, was here with Lady Crutchley

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bryan, two popular followers of the Hunt, were enjoying a stirrup cup before moving off at the meet, which is one of the most keenly awaited of the season.



Miss Helen Mead, and Miss Anna Scott, who is the daughter of the Hon. Lady Scott, of Bradford Peverell, and is coming out this year









## Priscilla in Paris

# The yellow rainbow



Mme. Mendès-France, wife of the former Prime Minister, was talking with Lady Jebb, wife of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British Ambassador, shortly after arrival

## M. LE PRÉSIDENT ENTERTAINED

THE Diplomatic Corps in Paris were recently guests at the beautiful Elysée Palace, when the Premier of France, M. René Coty, gave a grand-scale reception—the first of 1955—for them



Miss Stella and Miss Vanessa Jebb, who are the two daughters of the British Ambassador in Paris, and Lady Jebb, arriving at the reception

“ORANGES and lemons,” say the bells of St. Clemen’s! It must have been a “competition of circumstances,” as they say in France, that inspired so many *belles* to appear at the Petridès Gallery, on the opening day of Lucie Valore’s show, decked out in every imaginable shade of yellow. Since I do not usually suffer from a jaundiced eye, I did not imagine this.

I can only suppose that, having read the early spring fashion forecasts, our lovelies—somewhat recklessly—had conformed. From the richer hues that are almost orange to the pale delicacy of the primrose, every note of that chromatic scale was present. A strange whim on the part of *MM. les grands couturiers* and, given our anxious feelings about Formosa, not exactly tactful. A perilous shade!

Lucie Valore is, in private life—not a fitting *cliché* in this case—Madame Utrillo. Knowing the devotion that unites this famous couple, we were appreciative of the announcement: “Maurice Utrillo presents the most recent works of Lucie Valore.” All Painting Paris responded to the invitation. Mme. Valore’s flower pieces are too well known for me to dwell upon her newest interpretations of the *flora* that her rich imagination transfers so gorgeously to canvas. At this exhibition she gives us a portrait of Danièle Delorme that might come under the heading *faina*, so feline is its quality. I have often seen that charming actress look like a particularly graceful kitten. An interesting study.

BRITISH and American visitors to Paris are beginning to wonder where they can see a play that is “really French.” The four great successes of the moment are: Shaw’s *Pygmalion*, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, *The Living Room*, by Graham Greene, at the St. Georges, Peter Ustinov’s *Four Colonels*, at the Théâtre Fontaine, and the recent lush revival of *Volpone*, at the Marigny! Also playing to full houses are: *The Hero And The Soldier*, at the Gramont; *Macbeth*, at the Théâtre Nationale Populaire (the “pops” take Shakespeare very happily in their stride, both on the screen and on the stage); *The Importance Of Being Earnest*, at the Comédie des Champs Elysées; *Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*, at the Grand Guignol, and *Adorable Julia*, a comedy taken from Somerset Maugham’s short-story entitled *Theatre*, at the Gymnase. In a few days we are expecting *The Moon Is Blue*, at the Michel, and *The Tea-House Of The August Moon*, at the Montparnasse.

We are glad to hear that the Comédie Française is reviving Paul Claudel’s *L’Annonce Faite à Marie*, but we must not return thanks too quickly; the Comédie is a repertory theatre and Mrs. Warren’s *Profession* is to be played there also this spring! It is only fair to add that there are thirty-five theatres other than those I have just





H.R.H. PRINCESS ISABELLE of Bourbon-Parma in her home at Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris. She is the wife of Count Roger de La Rochefoucauld and the only daughter of H.R.H. the late Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parma, who was a brother of the Empress Zita of Austria. The de La Rochefoucaulds have four sons

F. J. Goodman

mentioned, and they do not include the numerous music-hall and musical comedy houses.

ENGLISH visitors, who have all the sympathy of Parisians in this, will be glad to know that there exists one theatre in Paris where no tipping is allowed and the programme is free. This is the immense Théâtre Nationale Populaire, with its 2,800 seats, from every one of which one can really see the stage, its excellent acoustics, and fine company of players led by Jean Vilar. It is a repertory theatre and is just now giving Molière's *Don Juan*, Musset's *Lorenzaccio*, and Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and *Richard II*.

It was last summer, at the Avignon

"festival," that Jean Vilar produced and played *Macbeth* with such success that the tragedy has now been added to the current repertory.

A FIRST night at the T.N.P.—or any night, for that matter—is always a little different to that of other theatres. It is housed in the immensely modern block of masonry that stands above Paris on the site where, for sixty-eight years, stood the red-brick, twin-turreted eyesore known as the Trocadero. This is far off the beaten track of night clubs and no hot-dog merchant, yet, has thought to set up his stall for famished playgoers at midnight.

Our lovelies find it something of an effort to skip the cocktail hour and get to the

T.N.P. Not only do they have to get there but they must do so "in time," for the doors are closed as the curtain goes up—an hour earlier than elsewhere. The critics and fervent patrons of the drama enjoy this. It is pleasant not to have one's feet trampled on by late arrivals. So we owe a vote of thanks to Jean Vilar, and to that Paris adds: "Other theatres please copy!"

### A la mode de . . .

● A fashion article mentions: "*La ligne F.F.F.F. (flexible, fluide, fine, fièvre)*." One might also mention: fluttering, flickering, foolish, floppy, flippant, fantastic . . . *ad infinitum*! The cynic suggests that one word covers everything: Feminine!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

IF the social science boys have a moment to spare (which seems hardly credible) we'd like to call their attention to the possible effects on the Russian citizenry of the consumption of ice-cream, lately introduced into that country by Comrade Anastyas Mikoyan, who has just resigned the post of Soviet Minister of Trade.

The effect on the Russian Old Soak, a national figure typified in every age by that eminent drip, Titular-Counsellor Marmeladoff in *Crime and Punishment*, would interest us especially, our conjecture being that those endless monologues on Life and Destiny would go on just the same if he switched to ice-cream, unless of course some MVD nark was listening, as happens nowadays. ("Little Red uncle, I think you deviate. . . ?") This we deduce from an evening or two in Montmartre some time ago with a White Russian ex-colonel who could perform on the Marmeladoff theme for three hours on a couple of Pernods; a less amusing performance than his stories about some of the rich mommas he was hired to drive round France in the day-time. Talk about the Party Spirit! Lafayette, they were there!

To a big boy in the food-racket we suggested last week that Comrade Mikoyan's innovation may be a cunning move to freeze the citizenry's stomachs, thus lowering vitality and increasing fatalism, but he said Oh, no, ice-cream is packed with vitamins and makes you gay and happy. He turned out to be thinking chiefly of his shareholders, who pelt him with hothouse flowers.

## Jab

WHEN a critic on the Episcopal Bench complained publicly that Gaby Deslys was displaying far too much leg at the Hippodrome some years ago, that vivacious sweetheart retorted "What about him?", which at the period was deemed a distinct score for Little Miss Saucy. The Race to-day, satiated with its relentless daily leg-ration from the Press picture-boys, may have been glad to hear about the left leg of that wounded marble Amazon just dug up at Tivoli.

It's a fine big leg, O—d R—n Hockey Mark IV model, and some contemporary rebel has dug a spear into it by way of protest. Evidently chaps of taste fighting the Amazons were 100 per cent. on his Lordship's side. One can in fact hear them criticising freely as the big girls come bouncing out of Scythia like a lot of enormous bloodthirsty fan-dancers.

("Zeus! Look at the old school thigh!"—"Hardly a gentleman's war, Basil.") The Tivoli Amazon, who may have been put out of action about five minutes after the bully-off, has lost her head during the centuries, unfortunately, so one can't see her expression. We should say it closely resembled the frigid contempt on the mottled pan of Big Mabel Fauncethorpe when Major Rampole suddenly lunged at her calves with his umbrella during Old Girls' Week.

The Anti-Leg Movement has a long and honourable history. Write to your M.P. about it.

## Kiss

IN 1902, when Rodin carved *The Kiss*, which the Tate Gallery has just bought for £7,500, there was a story going round the Left Bank studios (an aged boulevardier once told us) to the effect that the gentleman embracing the lady represented a lately-deceased President of the Third Republic with a reputation for old French *galanterie*. In fact, the cynical Bohemian boys averred, Rodin originally thought of calling it *Busy Morning at the Elysée*.

If it comes to that—correct us if wrong—it would not have affected the beauty of Rodin's group one whit if he had called it *The Stockbroker*, though the missing topper would have evoked criticism from art-lovers of the "representational" school. The fact being—unless we err—that the title of almost any work of art is the last thing that matters.

## Meditation

IF Ingres had called his celebrated nude *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, let us say, instead of *The Fount*, somebody would have thought up a satisfactory explanation for the Plain Man long ago.

"Where's Uncle Tom?"

"Packing up the old banjo in his cabin. You can't see it from here."

"What's Little Eva doing with that vase?"

"She's listening for Legree's bloodhounds just before crossing the ice. The vase holds water."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, she's a kindhearted girl, fond of animals, and she thinks the hounds may be thirsty after their long run."

"Um."

Obviously Eva is hardly dressed for crossing ice-floes, but the Plain Man will readily realise that she had no time to pop on her nightie. We think the Tate boys should have a story about *The Kiss* for the art-loving public equally. We'd personally tie it up with Imperial Chemicals, down the road.



"Next time you might not be so lucky!"

## Tip

LAUGHING like a herd of Jersey cows ("You cur!" said the girl with flaming cheeks) over a tasty news-item from Detroit, Mich., we hasten to share it with you. A medium of that city, soliciting the spirit-world in behalf of a client with £50,000 to invest, contacted—of all people—Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), who gave her such a lousy Wall Street tip that her client lost his money and is now suing her.

Anyone in touch with Literature could have told this sweetheart that T. Carlyle is the last financial authority, barring C. Lamb, any sane medium would consult, apart from his notorious bad temper. ("Sell oot at 48 an' awa' wi' ye, ye flechterin' glowpie!") She should of course have contacted W. Wordsworth. A week after damning the new railways to hell in a nobly-indignant sonnet Wordsworth instructed his stockbroker to get in on the ground-floor; an example of business acumen which the booksy racket has striven to follow ever since. Dopes who imagine from afar that the boys are brawling over Shelley's use of the semicolon in his late-middle period have something to learn, believe you us.

## Afterthought

ONE can see W. Wordsworth advising the medium mildly, seriously, and at great length, breathing hard like a horse and composing a sonnet simultaneously:

Thou comest from Detroit, thou harmless Girl!  
With Ford-quotations on thy rosy lips...

Certainly proud right now to have you tip me off, Mr. Wordsworth, pretty swell of you. Nay, my Child, 'tis but the reason firm, the temperate will; endurance, foresight, strength, and skill. You sure said it, brother.

~~~~~ BRIGGS ~~~~~



—by Graham



## RALLY AT OAKHAM

THE roads of Rutlandshire were busy with cars bringing friends and followers of the Cottesmore to the Hunt ball at Oakham, a delightful event which demonstrated again how strongly hunting keeps its hold in the Midlands



*Mrs. Charles Radclyffe was chatting over an aperitif with Sir Henry Tate, Bt., joint Master of the Hunt, who lives at Preston Lodge*



*Left: Miss Caroline York was being partnered by the Hon. Ralph Biddulph, who is serving with the Queen's Royal Lancers*



*Col. C. Heber-Percy, who is also a joint-Master of the Cottesmore, partnering Mrs. Heber-Percy. The ball was at the Victoria Hall*



*Watching the dancers from the side were the Countess of Londesbrough, Major S. Dixon, and the Hon. Mrs. D. Allhusen from Norfolk*



*Desmond O'Neill*

*Mr. S. Tate, Mrs. S. Tate, Miss Jane Lloyd and Mr. Rupert Gossage, secretary of the Cottesmore, were enjoying refreshment together*

## THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The TATLER chooses from its register some of the season's most charming prospective brides



Norton-Pratt

Miss Joan M. H. A. Ogg (above), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ogg, of Newlands Road, Glasgow, has announced her engagement to Mr. Norman Veitch Lothian Barclay, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Barclay, of Glendoune, Great Western Road, Glasgow, Scotland



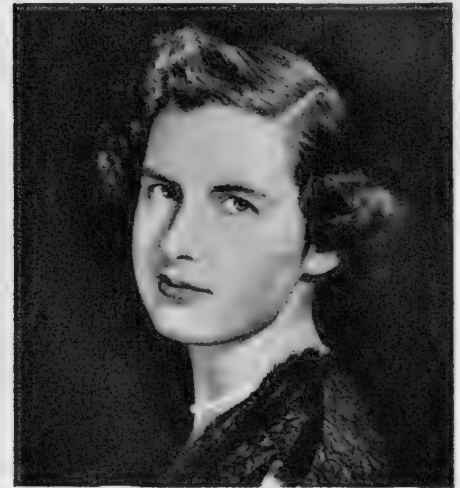
Francis, Camberley

Miss Heather Mary Edlin, elder daughter of the Rev. P. A. M. Edlin, Hon. C.F., late the Royal Warwicks, and of Mrs. Edlin, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Camberley, is to marry Mr. Peter A. Seager, R.A.S.C., younger son of Lt.-Col. J. E. B. Seager, late R.I.A.S.C., and of Mrs. Seager, of The Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex

Miss Patricia Miesegaes, daughter of Mr. Robert Miesegaes, of Sutton Scotney, Hants, and of Mrs. Leo Krutloff, of Frankfurt, is engaged to Mr. Nicolas F. Mavroleon, the younger son of Mr. Basil M. Mavroleon, and Mrs. Violet Mavroleon, of London



Betty Swache



Harlip

Miss Gillian Wynne Halford, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. Halford, of Greenways, Datchet, Bucks, is to marry Mr. William Richards, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Richards, of Mill Cottage, Selsfield Common, Sussex



Fayer



# WINTER WEDDINGS



*de Chambure — de Polignac. Count Roland de Chambure married at Notre Dame Church, Passy, the Princess Diane de Polignac, daughter of Prince Guy de Polignac. The Archbishop of Trebizonde performed the wedding ceremony*



*Eccles—Sturge (above). At St. Mary the Virgin, Bletchingley, Surrey, Mr. John Dawson Eccles, elder son of Sir David and the Hon. Lady Eccles, of Dean Farm, Chute, near Andover, married Miss Diana Catherine Sturge, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Sturge, of Pendell House, Bletchingley*

*Robbins—Wycherley (left). The wedding took place at St. Nicholas, Chislehurst, between Mr. John Robbins, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Robbins, of Bickley, Kent, and Miss Jean Wycherley, daughter of Sir Bruce and Lady Wycherley, of Chislehurst*



*Brock—Spinney. Lieut. Anthony Lethbridge Cameron Brock, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brock, of Great Totham, Maldon, Essex, married Miss Mollie Patricia Spinney, younger daughter of the Rev. Montague and Mrs. Spinney, of the Vicarage, Codsall, Wolverhampton, at St. Nicholas Church, Codsall*



*Knox — Vesey Holt. At St. Michael and All Angels, Sunninghill, Lt. G. F. N. Knox, R.N., son of Capt. J. Knox, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Knox, of Ladygate, Grayshott, Hants, married Miss Rosemary Vesey Holt, daughter of the late A/V.M. Vesey Holt, and of Mrs. Vesey Holt*





## WIN FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, with the Queen and Mr. Peter Cazallet, the trainer, looks pleased as she stands in the unsaddling enclosure. Her horse Devon Loch, with B. Marshall up, had just won the important New Century 'Chase at Hurst Park. It was Devon Loch's first win for three years and was accompanied by great cheering from the crowds

## At The Races

# HANDICAPPING PROBLEM

THE Grand National weights have been dealt by the N.H.C. official handicapper, Mr. D. G. Sheppard, with his customary competence, and this even though he is still suffering from the restrictions imposed by a 12 st. 7 lb.—10 st. limit. He has erected a workmanlike structure.

It has always been true that some of the aspirants could not win this 'chase even if someone pulled the winning-post up by the roots and hurled it at them; and this will remain true just so long as the present limits persist. A difference of between 3 and 4 st. could not bring the best and the worst together, and this state of affairs is obviously ripe for revision.

There are not a few N.H. jockeys who, at a pinch, could ride 9 st. and still have a fairly comfortable saddle between their knees. In my salad days, when I was probably as green in judgment as the next young hopeful, there was a saddler in Melbourne who used to make a 4-lb. "perch," out of which you felt it was

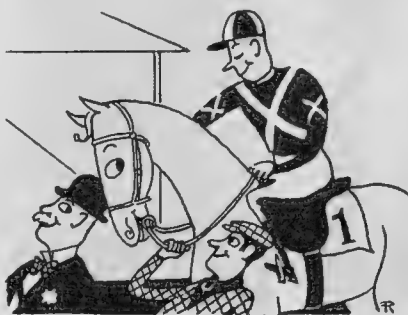
impossible to fall! It was made of wallaby hide, had a very narrow grip, and was as soft as a lady's kid-glove. Mr. Sheppard had no option but to take serious notice of the Old Boys, since any animal, who has won the Grand National, must expect to be in the foreground of the picture, and already the gossip is that Tudor Line, who ran second last year, has been backed!

It is probable that we shall hear of a great many more being backed, but I think, personally, that it would be wiser to wait until we know what the money is really saying. Of the well-blooded veterans, there could be no more popular winner than Irish Lizard, and he surely must be in with a chance at 10 st. 9 lb. It is probable, however, that some of the younger lot will be preferred before him, notably Goosander, who has won over the Liverpool Mildmay course, which is, possibly, a bit

stouter than Cheltenham; and there is also the Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu, who looks to be certain to get round safely, even though he has never seen a Grand National fence. He has got 10 st. 7 lb., and he converted many doubting Thomases after his Newbury display.

If he wins, the tumult and the shouting which were heard when Ambush II. won for King Edward VII. will, I predict, be quadrupled, and that is not saying too much, since Her Majesty's popularity is tremendous, and equally tremendously deserved. Her horse will only go down if he is knocked over, which is always an unpleasant possibility in this big fight. Of others, I think Churchtown looks attractive with 10 st. 6 lb., for I do not concur with the idea that he was a beaten horse when he blundered last year. He has also got the right coachman on his back, Tim Moloney.

As the day approaches we shall, of course, hear the customary outcry about the "cruelty" of the fences; but quite often a horse will jump better over a big place than he will over a gap that looks as if it had had an unsuccessful encounter with a bulldozer. I know that broken spots are quite often the most perilous, just because they look nothing to the lazy, clumsy kind of steed. How many falls have we not seen "Mr. Craner" get when, if he had gone for an untouched bit, he would not have collected a map of the country on his coat, plus, perhaps, a broken collar-bone or something worse.



—SABRETACHE





*Taking up positions for an eightsome reel: Miss Valerie Dean and Mr. Elliot Harrie, Mrs. Num, Mr. Michael Pettit, Miss Carolyn Boucher and (centre) Miss Diana Paris*



*Victor Yorke*

## BALL RAN OVERTIME IN THE NEW FOREST

AT Avon Tyrell, the former home of Lord Manners, 250 dancers gathered on the night of the New Forest Beagles hunt ball. A horn-blowing contest and eightsome reels diversified the evening, and so pleased was the company with the entertainment that permission was obtained for the ball to run for an hour over its stipulated time

*Left: Miss Jenny Howard, Miss Heather Rogers, Miss Jill Sutton, Mr. David Kenyon, Mr. Simon Attlee and Mr. Derek Haynes*



The coat, with its closely fitted waist and very full skirt, is like a Persian painting. Its material is soft chocolate brown brocade with a silver thread in it

**A CHOICE  
FOR THE WEEK**  
by Mariel Deans

McDonalds of Glasgow have this outfit. The fitted coat is made of stiff brocade, kolinsky cuffed, and costs 47 gns. The dress is 34 gns





Here is the very sophisticated brown dress, a narrow sheath of fine French jersey, showing its short sleeves and the clever draping of the bodice. It makes a very becoming short dinner dress. Cut on the cross, it fits like a glove

## *Crisp reply to a call for daytime formality*

**A** WEDDING, a christening, a ship-launching; cocktail party or theatre-dinner—for any important non-evening dress date that calls for your best, smartest, most formal clothes, this gracious and graceful two-piece is the natural answer. It could fill an important place in your wardrobe now, and seems the perfect outfit should Ascot or other big occasions prove rather chilly later on.

A nearer view of the extremely pretty white-wool jersey cap trimmed with white beads and rhinestones. Priced at seventeen guineas. McDonalds have it in their Model Hat department





This zip-fastening jacket is made of proofed Egyptian cotton gaberdine. Excellent for keeping out rain and wind. Inquiries to Valstar, 514 Regent Street



Left; A well-cut coat in proofed poplin by Dunlop. The matching cap is exemplary in its plainness. Inquiries to Dunlop Weathercoats, 28 St. George's St., W.1



Right; This clever sports suit by Burberrys made of proofed Egyptian cotton is wonderful for shooting or fishing. Burberrys also make the stitched hat





Aquascutum's "Springfield," a good-looking raincoat made in natural coloured cotton gaberdine, is beautifully tailored and can be worn with or without a belt

## *Rainy day in the country*

RAIN in the country is considerably less sordid than rain in town (writes Mariel Deans) but it does seem to go on and on and the country woman is always out in it! Apart from the classic, heavy-weight mackintosh, well-styled rainwear is not easy to find. In our search we were offered any amount of shower-proof satins and street velvets in spots and checks, but on we plodded—our mind firmly fixed on the rural background. Here then is the result—four outfits that are tough and warm and that should keep out the rain in anything short of a cloudburst



This plain mohair worsted shirt dress with its very high-set breast pockets and beautifully cut sleeves is just right for house wear now, and perfect later on as a street dress. A Chadwick and Hill model from Harrods



# *When the cherry blows in the park*

ON these pages (writes Mariel Deans) we show two charming ensembles and a dress for wearing in town when the days are warmer



Marcusa's two-piece in stone and black pin-striped worsted consists of a tailored skirt worn with a cardigan jacket that is shaped in at the waist. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have this in stock



Also by Marcusa. A slim-fitting dress and tailored jacket in blue and white novelty tweed pointed up by the flash of starched white piqué at the neck. It comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Eugene Vernier

## Happy highlights for new nurseries

LOOKING ahead to the time when there will be a new baby in the nursery, here is an array of delightful and decorative presents from which to choose, if you are wondering what to give the exciting new arrival

—JEAN CLELAND



"The music goes round and round" and so do the soldiers on this musical clockwork lamp. Harrods have it. Price £14 14s.



All the fun of the circus in this gay candle-wick play rug. It costs £5 19s. 6d., and comes from Selfridges Towel Department



Toddlers eat their food quickly when it is served in such a dainty manner. Feeding set £1 11s. 9d. Tray 15s. 6d., from Harrods



What fun to sit down to read or sew beneath the kindly eye of the giraffe lamp. You can get it at Harrods for £10 10s., pleated lampshade 13s.



"Cradle" of flowers for the new-born infant. A pretty compliment to Mother. Pink for a little girl, blue for a boy. From Selfridges, price 25s. filled



Dennis Smith

## More gifts for the christening

Left: An enchanting toy, the "Melody Maker Basket" with the hen sitting on three soap eggs. Price 7s. 11d. from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford St.

Right: Baby bathing without backache. "The Poppet" Folding Baby Bath. When not in use folds up. Price 59s. 6d. from most leading London stores



Left: Birds and trees in red, yellow, green, black and white, based on an old Scandinavian design. A fadeless Rosebank fabric 50 in. wide. Price 14s. a yard

Right: Contemporary design of a farmyard scene for the model nursery in fadeless Rosebank fabric. 50 in. wide. The price is 16s. 11d. a yard



## Beauty

# Preliminaries for a party

Jean Cleland



"Look at me now!" This from a friend on emerging from a beauty salon to which I had taken her to have what is called the "Pre-Cocktail Half-hour." All smoothed out, rested and radiant, she had reason to be pleased. "Who would have thought," she said, "that such a change could be made in *half an hour*. A new face for 7s. 6d. It's the best bargain I've ever had! Why didn't I know of it before?"

Like so many people, she had come up from the country for a day's shopping, to be followed by a theatre and dinner in the evening. When I met her—quite by chance—she was having a cup of

tea in one of the stores, and looking as dismal as a rainy day. "I've been rushing around ever since I left home this morning, and I'm worn out."

WITHOUT more ado, I bundled her into a taxi, and introduced her to the "Pre-Cocktail Half-hour," which is a treatment designed by Yardley's expressly for those who, at the end of a tiring day, are in need of a quick pick-me-up before going on to a party, a dinner, or some form of evening festivity. It can, of course, be had at any time of the day, before lunch or tea, or at any moment when you want to put your best face forward in a hurry.

Such an excellent service, at so small a cost, is

what a number of people would be glad to know about, so I am making it the third in my list of treatments.

When you arrive at the salon in Bond Street, you relax in a comfortable chaise-longue. The restfulness of the charming room, decorated in soft colours, and the joy of putting your feet up, make you begin to feel "smoothed out" straight away, and the treatment—which proceeds as follows—does the rest.

FIRST a sterilized face-cloth (one reserved for each client) is lightly lathered with one of the Yardley soothing toilet soaps. If the skin is dry and sensitive, oatmeal soap is used. For other types, there is the "Red Roses" which, with its delicate fragrance, is wonderfully refreshing. The face is soaped and rinsed, to bring away surface make-up, and then comes further cleansing with one of Yardley's deep cleansers. Soft and liquefying, these seep right down into the pores and coax out acid wastes and any deep-seated impurities. Normal skins are treated with "Liquefying Cleansing Cream," and dry skins with "Cleansing Cream."

When the face has been doubly cleansed—first soap and water, and then the cream—it feels and looks beautifully clean, and ready for the cool toning, which also is done according to the type of skin. If dry, a skin freshener is used which, gentle and non-drying, is sufficiently stimulating to have a bracing effect. Oily skin is patted briskly with an astringent lotion specially beneficial to this condition, as it assists in contracting the pores, and it also counteracts shine.

TONING and patting finished, the face—which by now is feeling revived and glowing—gets what is the beautifying part of the treatment. This is done with Yardley's "Captive Beauty," a new type of liquid emollient containing the essential oils and moistures so necessary to a tired skin. It stimulates the circulation, revitalizes the tissues and braces up the contours. If you are feeling—and looking—jaded, this is just what you need, because it is *indeed* a quick pick-me-up. "Captive Beauty" is moulded very gently all over the contours of the face and of the throat and helps to maintain the effect of the treatment for many hours to come.

Last stage is the make-up, which is designed to create a delicate and very natural effect. The "operator" studies the skin tone, and takes into consideration the accessories you are wearing, and your personal preferences. She then proceeds accordingly. The complexion is "warmed" with a soft shade of "Light Feather Foundation," and given a slight blending of colour to make it glow. Eyes and mouth are enhanced and given emphasis with skilful shades of colour, and powder is chosen according to the tone of the skin.

FINAL touch is the merest suggestion of one of the Yardley perfumes, just to give you the party feeling. If you are one of those people who don't like scent, this, of course, is omitted. In any case—with or without perfume—you can now go off to your evening engagement refreshed and gay, confident that you are looking your best.

All the preparations used in the treatment can be bought for use at home, and if you watch carefully the way in which they are applied, you can *treat yourself to beauty* on some other special occasion, when you are not able to visit the salon beforehand.



Last minute—but essential—touch is to apply a little Yardley's perfume to accompany you through the evening



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## HAWTHORN FOR JAGUAR

MIKE HAWTHORN, the twenty-six year old racing driver, has signed a contract to drive Jaguar sports cars in major races during 1955. Also he is to drive the British Vanwall in Grand Prix races. His knowledge and experience will be a great asset to these two British firms in the important motor racing events of this year's international calendar



### Motoring

## Putting the clock back

IT is exhilarating to hear forceful invective in these days of the carefully prepared, cautious and usually colourless statement. "Scandalous," "astonishing," "adding insult to injury"; these are the terms with which the British Road Federation received the Minister of Transport's plan for building new roads. And those who have followed motoring history will agree that the suggestion of imposing tolls is indeed "scandalous."

Tolls were things we thought we had done away with years ago. They inhibit free movement along the Queen's highway; they are a negation of the first principles of liberty of travel. Moreover, when they are piled on top of taxation which has known no bounds, they are indeed an affront to all conceptions of fair dealing.

SAYS the British Road Federation, working itself up into a fine frenzy of indignation, "It is adding insult to injury, to suggest that the first real roads to be built in Britain for motor transport should become an additional financial burden on trade and industry and, in turn, on the entire community. Since the war, motor taxation has yielded more than £2,000 million and less than £300 million has been spent by the Government and this on the piecemeal patching of out-of-date roads."

It is unfortunate that the suspicions aroused when the Minister proposed to legalize parking charges should be so strongly supported by this further indication that he intends to go on soaking the motorist and making him pay several times over for restricted road facilities.

MEANWHILE, we find the highway authorities continuing to do their best to hamper the use of such roads as do exist. Repairs are allowed to dawdle for months, all the time restricting traffic flow. On the north side of Chelsea Bridge there has

been an example of dilatory road repair work. I brought it to the notice of the authority concerned and received the usual non-committal reply. The Minister of Transport should regard it as his first duty to obtain powers to force the highway authorities to make road repairs a high-speed, twenty-four hours' operation.

There is, finally, one overriding defect in the new road plan. It takes no account of transport as a continuum—that is to say the new roads are not specifically related to other forms of transport, rail, sea or air.

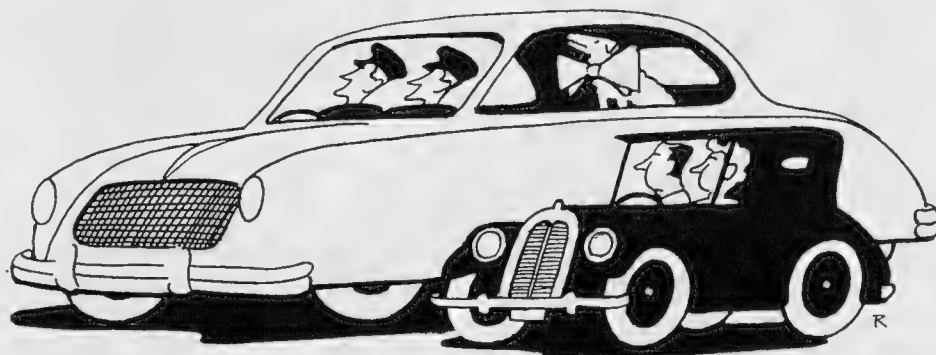
JAGUAR news for the coming season is interesting. Not only has Mike Hawthorn signed to drive Jaguar sports cars in major races during the year, but Briggs Cunningham has announced his intention of racing "D"-type Jaguars. Cunningham is a well-known and exceedingly popular personality at Le Mans, and his adoption of the Jaguar as the car of his choice will have useful repercussions wherever sports cars are discussed. His decision was, I believe, the result of trials on the Sebring Circuit with other American drivers. His Jaguars when entered for international events will wear the American racing colours of blue and white.

It will be recalled that we already have the prospects of some reasonably good British participation in Grand Prix racing with the Vanwall, so that this year there is a certainty that Britain will be well represented in several of the main competitive events.

THE dinner given by Sir William and Sir Reginald Rootes at the end of January to the Guild of Motoring Writers proved an excellent opportunity for acclaiming the achievements of those who did well in the Monte Carlo Rally, and in fact this provided the main interest. But in our Sunbeam enthusiasms we ought not to forget the performance of Gillard and Dugat in the Dyna Panhard who were second in the general classification and who supported magnificently the claims that are made for the trustworthiness and good performance of the small-size air-cooled engines. Third in the general classification were Gerdum and Kuhling in their Mercedes-Benz saloon. There were also Burgess and Easton in their Ford Zephyr which was fourth in the general classification, and the manufacturers' team prize was won by the Appleyard, Adams and Ward Jaguars.

WE who have received the Rover book on the world tour of the Queen and Prince Philip have found it a well-produced and well-written document, containing excellent pictures. It has great intrinsic interest and there is, of course—although the Rover people are tactful enough not to mention it anywhere in the text—the advertising value of seeing the Land-Rover doing its work so well, in so many different places.

—Oliver Stewart







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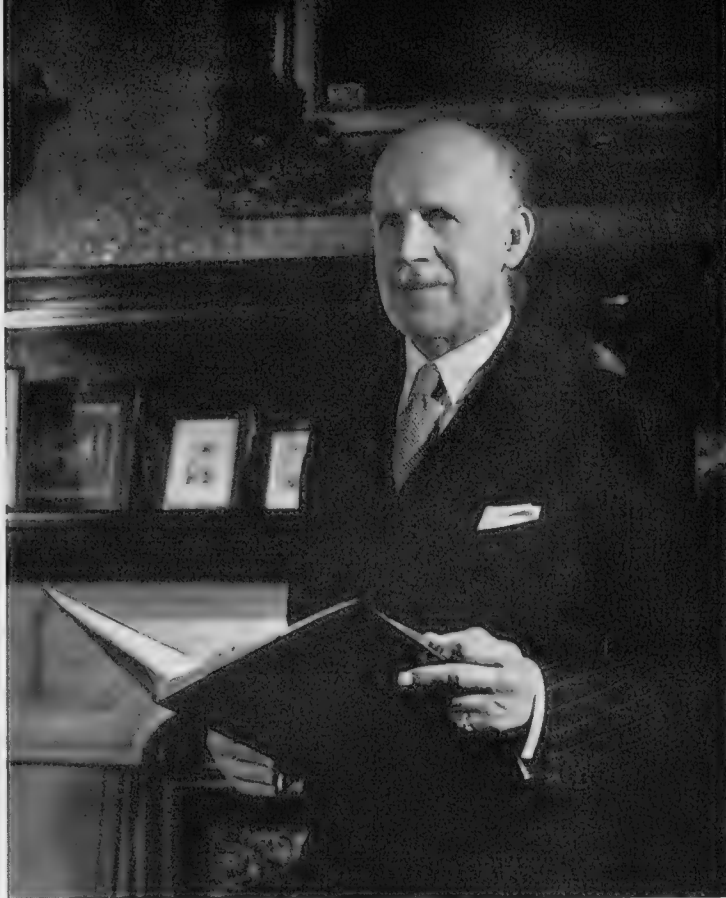
# ROVER

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## THE DOYEN OF PUBLISHERS

SIR JOHN MURRAY, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., is senior director of the publishing house which his great-great-grandfather founded in the eighteenth century. His great-grandfather was Byron's publisher, and here, in the famous offices at 50 Albemarle St., Sir John holds a bound volume of the poet's MSS. He commanded a battalion of the Royal Scots in World War One, and is a Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of London



Mark Gerson

Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

## THE DRY STONES LIVE

**S**TILL DIGGING (Michael Joseph, 15s.) bears, from its title-page to its last word, the imprint of a powerful personality. Sir Mortimer Wheeler, it may be found, has more or less revolutionized archaeology; certainly, he has revolutionized our idea of an archaeologist. His vitality blazes forth from the television screen, upon which his appearances are events. His autobiography is as well-timed as it is rewarding—"Interleaves from an Antiquary's Notebook," he has called it, and throughout it strikes a debonair note. With this goes, however, the intense single-mindedness of the devotee, and the verbal economy of the man of action.

Sir Mortimer's forty-five years of digging have been interrupted only by two world wars, in both of which he played a combatant's part. (His war sections contain as vivid accounts of action, seen from the thick of it, as I have read anywhere.) He writes with an admirable sense, not so much of the importance of his own achievement, but of the importance of what has been achieved, and his tributes to colleagues and fellow-workers are unstinted.

**W**HAT is as impressive as anything is the effect of patience (essential quality for his work) arrived at by what would seem to be a naturally impatient, impetuous character—for here, indeed, is no field of sensational showings and quick results. An excavation is, he suggests, something in the nature of a campaign, liable to setbacks, delays, reverses. And immediate intellectual curiosity must have the background of highly specialized learning.

In fact, excavation, though not a sideline, is only one part of the archaeologist's work: the assembling of knowledge, the relating of

what has become known to the main plan of what is known already must be continuous. A find may stabilize an idea, or may, which is still more interesting, contradict it. Everything new which comes to light is, as Sir Mortimer sees it, not merely a leader-back to the past but a vital addition to the present—a widening of humanity's self-knowledge. "Archaeology," he says, "is admittedly the study of human achievement in its more material aspects, but its ultimate function is the re-creation of Man—sentient, rational or even irrational Man—in the vicissitudes of his long life-history. To that ultimate achievement a multitude of exact and less exact sciences is now, very properly, expected to contribute, and will increasingly contribute in the future."

**H**ENCE the importance of the modernized museum—no longer an affair of numb glass cases and of stone floors echoing but few footsteps. And hence, too, the lively creative part to be played by the institutes which Sir Mortimer has had a hand in founding.

From the time when, as a young man after World War One, he took up the post of Director of the National Museum of Wales, he has been at grips with administration. He has been Keeper of the London Museum, Director of the Institute of Archaeology in London and Director-General of Archaeology in India. He is at present President of the Society of Antiquaries and Secretary of the British Academy. Yet, in spite of all, never for long desk-bound.

Far from it. His activities have carried him around a

great part of the world. In spite of the satisfactions of unearthing Verulamium (to the approval and greater gain of St. Albans) he became bored, as he frankly tells us, with British Roman remains, and desired fresh woods and pastures new. His discoveries in southern India and the valley of the Indus have not only made it necessary to revise history; they are intensely exciting to hear about. But one must say, nothing he does is not.

*Still Digging* reads like an adventure story. It is diversified by a series of charmingly rash remarks—on such subjects as the British Museum, official red tape and, not least, Wales as he found it. "Wales, save when united in opposition to England, was an aggregate of parish pumps rather than a nation."

Not least to the point, and not least enlightening, are Sir Mortimer's comments on the changing attitude to his once-esoteric subject in our day. Telling us how a leading London newspaper financed the Caerleon excavations (spotlit by romantic association with King Arthur's Round Table, though Sir Mortimer was after a Roman amphitheatre) he adds: "Archaeology had, almost overnight, acquired a new market-value, and it is fair to say that, since that time, it has maintained its hold upon the public. The press, films, radio, and now television, have all taken it up, and for my part I wholeheartedly welcome this development."

If, in this age of stunt and star, publicity can be put to serious uses, we are not, perhaps, so badly placed as we thought. Sir Mortimer has inspired and trained up a keen group of young archaeologists, who are digging with great skill and effectiveness.

★ ★ ★

**M**OTHER AND SON (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) is the new I. Compton-Burnett novel. This fascinating and altogether unique novelist—one of our greatest—gains more readers with everything that she writes: she is at once formidable and (if one may use the expression without vulgarity) spell-binding. As I have before remarked in these pages, one must not look to Miss Compton-Burnett for what might be called superficial realism—her children (in this case Francis, Alice and Adrian) speak, for instance, with the sagacity and irony of particularly grown-up grown-ups, and servants (in this case Bates, the parlourmaid) command the exact diction of ideal prime ministers. But her inner realism, her penetration into human psychology, is so startling as to make one catch one's breath.

Like her other stories, *Mother And Son* is written largely in dialogue. And, again, we are in the secure late-Victorian world, in which coal fires blaze, expeditions to lunch with neighbours involve train-journeys along a branch line (with, of course, a carriage at either end) and it is unconventional for a lady to walk alone along a tree-shaded road at dusk. Rosebery Hume, in stepping forward to escort his mother's rejected companion to the railway station, does hardly more than is correct.

Miss Burke, applicant for the post, has unhappily failed to correspond with Mrs. Hume's notion of a companion. Having been interviewed in the presence of Mrs. Hume's son, husband and husband's nephews and niece, she is not, understandably, at her best. Being given her tea by Bates in the next room she.



[Continued on page 318]



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Mark Gerson

RUTH MCKENNEY, the distinguished American novelist who now lives in Kensington, London, is the author of *My Sister Eileen*. This effervescent story made first a successful film, then a U.S. stage musical entitled *Wonderful Town*, which will shortly be opening in the West End

## Book Reviews [Continuing from page 316]

### Power blocs at work

however, hears of another post in the neighbourhood: two ladies desire a working housekeeper. When next we encounter Miss Burke, she is ensconced with Miss Greatheart, Miss Wolsey and their cat Plautus. Is dim Miss Burke the nigger in the woodpile? For she extrudes (or so at least it appears) handsome and hitherto idle Hester Wolsey—who, now compelled to earn *her* bread, becomes companion to Mrs. Hume.

So, we have two groupings, two households—the Humes' and (some stations away down the local line) Miss Emma Greatheart's. Not a feminine character in this story—with, perhaps, the exception of the twelve-year-old Alice—is not, let me say at the outset, distinctly sinister. We confront an all-in battle for power, which is given a new turn by the hitherto dominant Mrs. Hume's demise. What is Hester Wolsey up to, over there at the Humes'? She has begun by driving a wedge, or trying to, between the middle-aged celibate Rosebery and his mother. Is she not now, since Miranda Hume's death, setting her cap at the widower Julius?

I SHOULD doubt whether it has ever been necessary for Miss Compton-Burnett to read Freud: her own view of parental relationships should suffice her. Rosebery (devastatingly known to his trio of young cousins as "Rosebud") is a pampered egotist rather than a casualty. Though coldly, it must be admitted, the wind does blow on him when his mother's protective presence is removed. And to crown all, the past gives up two dark secrets regarding parentage. . . .

*Mother And Son* has a plot which continues to develop with every page. It is a comedy written with the relentlessness of tragedy—and, personally speaking, each phrase in it gave me intense delight. I should add that one of the most operative characters is a non-speaker, the cat Plautus. To those of you who regard cats either with unwilling love or respectful hatred, I commend (even apart from its other glories) *Mother And Son*.

\* \* \*

RAINBOW ON THE ROAD, by Esther Forbes (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.), is a picaresque novel, beautifully done. Scene New England in the early nineteenth century; hero, an itinerant portrait painter—or, as the local tongue had it, "limner." Jude Rebough, happening in one day to the Pratt homestead, impresses his personality on the small boy who is to become his nephew and tell the story—for, too, Jude wins the heart of and marries comely Aunt Mitty Pratt. Is the charming rover, now, to hang up his hat? No, as each spring comes round he takes to the roads again—and proud is the occasion when, being thirteen, young Eddy is allowed to accompany him.

Miss Forbes has captured the spirit of the roads, and of the endless pedlars, preachers, journeyman-craftsmen and out-and-out mountebanks who then travelled them. And no less, the spirit of New England—which, off the main track, is still much as pictured here. Her pages are full of a singing zest. Inns, isolated farmhouses, demure small-town main streets and, once, a ghost town all spring to life. Fantastic, merry, sentimental or dangerous situations abound.

A sense of nature, a touch of magic, goes to the making of *Rainbow On The Road*.

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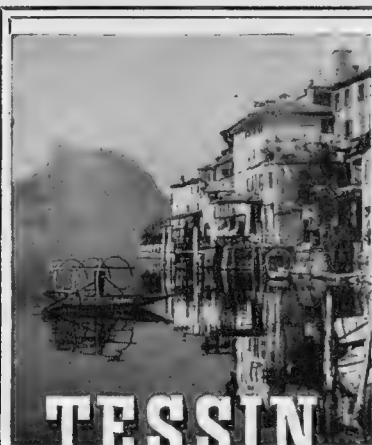


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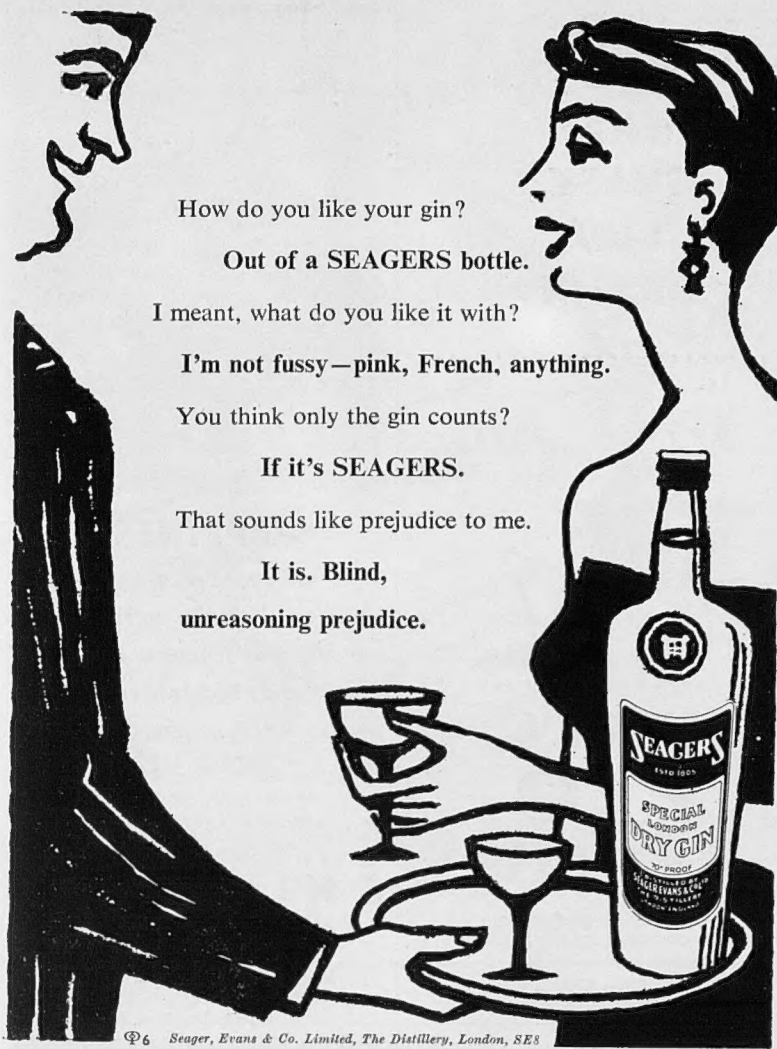
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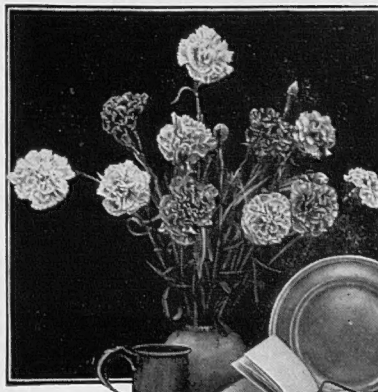
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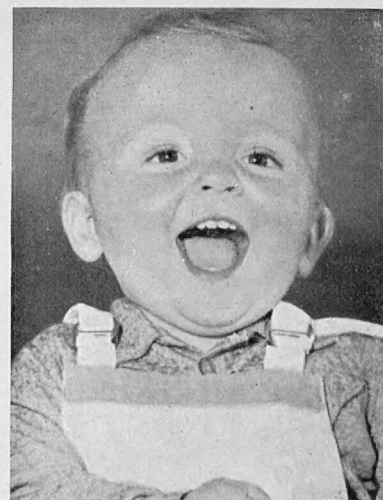
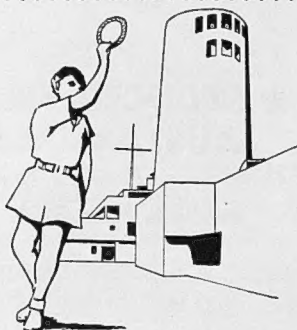
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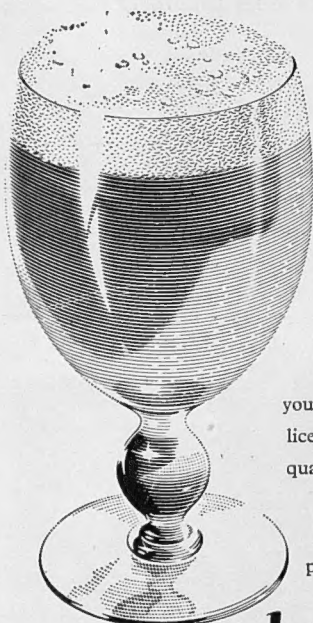
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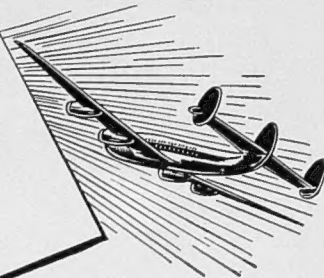
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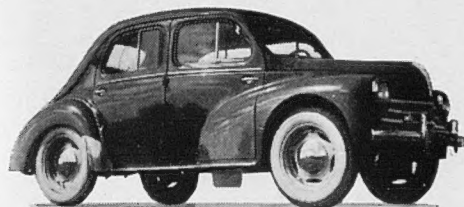
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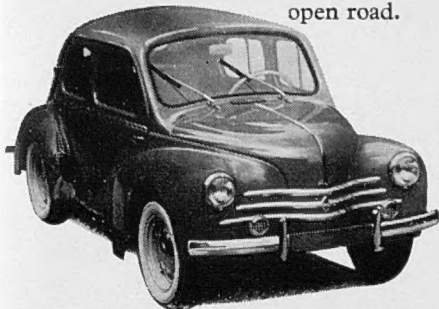
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